





## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1866.

## CIRRI.

I.

ALONE and in quiet I lie,  
Above me the unfathomed sky,  
Filled full with the glorious beauty  
Of the great, unapproachable sun,  
And my eyes are turned upward to Heaven,  
While my heart yearns to follow them there,  
And be freed from the pain and the care,  
To the Heaven that still must be won.

II.

High o'er me, self-moving in lightness  
And full of pure brightness,  
I see the delicate cirri gleaming  
Pearl-white in the all-present beaming;  
Innumerable they are,  
And strange in shape and ever stranger seeming,  
And as I longing look afar  
I see a wondrous change—or am I dreaming?

III.

I do not dream.  
But I awake and see what is reality.  
There is a wondrous change—no more but clouds they seem,  
Unmeaning, vague, and strange.  
What joy to see aright!  
For to my rescued sight  
Appears a glorious company.  
I know not whence they come  
Nor where may be their home,  
But they are beautiful beyond belief—  
Too beautiful and pure to know the name of grief.

IV.

Together the spirits advance,  
And joyous they move in the dance,  
Sinking, rising,  
Whirling swiftly round,  
Around, around  
In circles of light, without a sound:  
Side by side they float and glide,  
Apart, alone,  
With a wonderful motion unknown,  
While the shining hair streams from each beautiful face.  
They part, they advance,  
And the white feet glance,  
Incessantly glance,  
And the floating robes gleam with a tremulous grace.

V.

I know that o'er me, gloriously ringing,  
Through all the sky floats an unearthly singing,  
A song of beauty, strong and clear,  
But far away the immortals are—  
Too far!  
And though I see the white robes glisten,  
In vain, in vain I listen.  
O! would that I might hear  
But one burst of that mystical singing!  
Then no more  
Would I fear the disorder below,  
Nor the dissonant roar,  
That distracts and bewilders me now,  
Of a world half in love with its woe.

R. K. W.

## MEN FOR FRIENDSHIP AND WOMEN FOR LOVE.

IT is a fact easily deduced from observation that the generic principle of both love and friendship, even to the accidents of outward appearance, is not similarity but contrast. Tall people are attracted to short and blondes to brunettes in obedience to a well-defined natural law. It is not consanguinity that makes intermarriages between kinsfolk prolific in deformity and disease, but their usual physical and moral likeness. In the moral order the surest basis for mutual attachment is difference of character with similarity of tastes and pursuits. Every social tie is strengthened by unlikeness; and father and daughter, mother and son, brother and sister, are drawn closer together by the indefinable attraction of sex. Most of us will own a slight preference for the society of our female cousins; and, *a priori*, it seems possible that our female cousins are guilty of a similar penchant for us. Sisters of story, it is true, commonly feel for one another the most rapturous devotion, unless indeed the exigencies of the tale require

them to be filled with the most unnatural hatred; in which case authors seldom scruple to bring discord into the happiest families. How it may be in real life we cannot say, never having been a sister ourselves. But it is very rarely that a man makes an intimate of his brother! Perhaps it is an inborn perversity, which revolts at an apparent dictation of nature and asserts the right of choice; but, whatever the cause, a man commonly takes to his heart, like the poet, one who is "more than his brother is to him."

What, then, is the difference between love and friendship? Almost all languages have distinct words to express these two orders of affection, and it is safe to say that in the infinite variety of nature there are no such things as real synonyms. It is part of the unwritten law of etymology that the very existence of a word implies at once a reason and a necessity for its existence. Perhaps it will suffice to make the distinction consist in the presence or absence of the *passional* element; to appropriate the term *love* to affections involving the idea of sex, and *friendship* to such as are independent of that idea. In both is equally requisite that opposition of character whereby two natures mutually complete each other. The complementary process has its fullest development in sexual attachments; frequently has place between men; and seldom, if at all, between women. Disguise it as they may, women are not friends to women. If the female mind were not happily impervious to logic, we might demonstrate, even to its satisfaction, that the history of the sex presents no single instance of a famous friendship. Women's sacrifices for women have been in most cases induced by some other motive—loyalty to a superior, like that of Catherine Douglas, with her arm barring out the conspirators; or Leonora Gallgar's magic—the power of a strong nature over a weak one—or even a sudden impulse of sympathy, which in them is almost a passion.

The very way in which women form their friendships is significant. An ecstatic embrace seals their introduction; in an hour after acquaintance they will have dropped the cold formalities of society—Miss Smith and Miss Jones blossom into "dearest Arabella" and "darling Theodosia;" in a day they are confidential and eternal friends; in a week declared and unforgiving enemies. Whereas men, as a rule, are chary of cordiality to strangers, meet with the cheerfulness of mutes at a funeral, and wrap themselves up in a surtout of reserve it may take months to unbutton. But if a man is nice in the choice of friends it is because he wants a superior article—one that will wear in any climate for a lifetime. Women, on the other hand, in the very suddenness and *effusion* of their friendship, seem to foreshadow its brevity and weakness. They draw on their stock of affection too rapidly, and presently a draft is dishonored—no funds. They seem entirely to ignore all gradations of feeling. Hermia and Helen, cordial enemies, embrace as gushingly, gossip as confidently, and mutually adore their respective "ducks of bonnets" with as much ingenuous ardor as Rosalind and Celia, who really do like each other quite well for the nonce. How, to unsophisticated male eyes, should it ever appear that Hero and Beatrice have been friends from childhood, while Olivia and Viola only last week discovered that their "souls had but a single thought?" The quantity of affection interchanged is apparently the same; the endearments, the kisses are quite as provokingly profuse; the confidences not less full and inviolable. Yet either may to-morrow find it necessary to hate her darling friend as heartily as she ever loved her; to violate her confidences and ventilate her secrets with even more gusto than she heard them, and to speak about her those extremely disagreeable things the best of women sometimes feel it their painful duty to say. Now, when a man, for whatever cause, breaks with his intimates, he can hate heartily, too, especially if in the wrong; say bitter things perhaps, as he has or has not a spice of the feminine; but he seldom dreams of betraying the past. If he does, the breach is mortal. But let the meek Clorinda have a spat with the amiable Clarissa—about a bonnet-string, let us say—and language straightway totters beneath the burden of their injuries. Such an oversetting and ransacking of secret draw-

ers that "never, never were revealed to any but you"—such an unwelcome display of crumpled scandals and frippery of all sorts! And scarce have we had time, in our clumsy man-fashion, to reason out a theory on such energy of denunciation, before we are hopelessly bewildered by an ecstatic reconciliation. The dear creatures, having "drank delight of battle with their peers," spoken the technical piece of their minds, and talked each other out of breath, feel vastly soothed—"make up," kiss the kiss of peace, and over crochet or drawing tenderly dissect the frailties of some darling absentee. But is it not a hollow truce? or rather was there ever any worth in a friendship so easily broken and mended? Mutual insincerity mutually felt, as women feel it, would quickly destroy the faintest semblance of friendship between men. But women do not mind it—seem rather to enjoy an illusion which deceives no one, not even themselves. Indeed, there can be no other result from the systematic hypocrisy in which they are brought up, fostered by that charming weakness which prompts them to dodge the difficulty a bolder nature would grapple and overthrow. It takes a strong passion like love to purify an atmosphere so tainted with deceit.

In fact, a woman's friendship in her own sex must necessarily be provisional and artificial; her whole nature impels her onward and past them to love, the bloom and fruition of her life. To woman love is a necessity; to man a luxury. And though most of us will cry with the historian commemorated by the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, "Give us, then, the luxuries and we will dispense with the necessities," yet there is not in a man that absolute craving which, unsatisfied, leaves a woman's heart a desert and a blank. To him life gives many outlets for surplus energies; ambition, pleasure, gain—what not?—to her, but one. All these, nay life itself, she spells in a single word—love.

And here we have the reason why women lack that diversity of character which we hold to be the essential basis of friendship. Character is the growth of circumstances. Women's lives are so alike in the main features, alike in their daily occupations, their household cares, their domestic seclusion—alike, above all, in having a common scope and end: love, marriage, maternity, the crown of womanhood—that their characters develop with wonderful uniformity. With men it is far otherwise. Life to them is an ever-changing kaleidoscope; the variety of their passions and aims, their ceaseless contact with the world and with widely different classes of their fellow-men—all tend to mold their plastic human nature into very opposite forms. A curious confirmation of this theory is found in handwriting, to some extent an index of character. Men's writing is of endless variety, while in women's is found a singular conformity of style—neat, regular, and entirely devoid of salient features. So it is that women's friendships lack the cohesion of men's whose characters, as it were, dovetail together; the slightest force separates them. The most frequent and potent force is undoubtedly jealousy. In fact, the introduction of a male element into a woman's friendship is apt to have all the disintegrating effect of an acid on the union of alkalis; like a magnet, it makes the bodies it attracts mutually repellent. Woman is so dependent on man that it becomes no light offense to rob her of his attentions, even without malice prepense. Like the unpardonable sin—calling her ugly—it threatens her sovereignty.

After all, it is a trifle ungrateful to go dwell on woman's weakness, when it is to her we owe the foremost charms of a world "where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." And, certainly, however indifferent a friend she may be, she makes an admirable lover. In love she finds free scope for the finest qualities of her nature—her tenderness, her implicit faith, her unselfish devotion. Indeed, women excel as much in love as men in friendship. We are selfish creatures at best; we take all that is given us without a murmur or a return. In love, says a French proverb, "*Il y a toujours un qui aime et un qui se laisse aimer*," and we must admit that it is generally the man who plays the latter part with a magnificence of condescension wholly laudable in so superior a being. Women, in their foolish fondness, rather encourage us in this lordly bearing. They are

not content to give less than they get; they give for the mere joy of giving. In friendship men are more apt to be unselfish, since male self-assertion generally counteracts itself. But a woman never bargains or barter hearts, and so, commonly, gets the worst of the exchange. In fact, most men's hearts come to a loving woman somewhat in the condition of our paper currency—rather the worse for overmuch handling. And, as love is the nobler or, at least, the more important affection of the two, perhaps women have the balance to their credit; but it is consoling to reflect that the substantial benefits are ours. The irreparable misfortune of being men at all is greatly lightened by having men to befriend and women to love us.

D. A. C.

## WHAT BUTTONS HAVE DONE.

IT is not likely that the general public can readily discern any very intimate relation between buttons and education. Although every man and woman who possess anything at all make use of more or less buttons, yet we doubt if there is one in a million who so much as dreams of the vast interests which have been set in motion by this simple contrivance. Nor do we refer to the phrase of the novelists which introduces a wild grenadier or cut-throat "with cloak closely buttoned around him," nor to the mysterious secrets of love which are "buttoned up" in the hearts that the romancers delight to tell us of. We mean something every way more practical. We mean that buttons have founded schools, colleges, and churches; have built villages, created banks, and placed missionaries in the remotest parts of the earth; have given the impulse to benevolent and philanthropic enterprises of the grandest dimensions, and have developed an amount of tact, energy, and power unrivaled by perhaps any other purely private enterprise that has been attempted in this country.

We must go back nearly forty years. Then all the buttons used by Americans were imported. But a shrewd Yankee lady, the young wife of a man in humble circumstances, was seized with the idea of manufacturing buttons at home and by hand. She picked some imported buttons in pieces, and was satisfied that with wooden molds she could produce buttons that would find as good a market as the imported ones. Her idea was seconded by her husband, who was a thrifty farmer in a country village in Western Massachusetts. A few buttons were made and were sold. The same hand made more, and these found a ready market. Little by little, month after month, the idea grew until the persistent wife had more than she could do herself, and laborers were employed to assist in the manufacture. The husband, finding him self outdone, abandoned farming, and devoted his energies to the new business. Machinery was devised to accelerate matters. A factory was built. The enterprise grew with amazing proportions. Other factories went up. A village clustered around the button enterprise. Wealth flowed in upon the proprietor. Factories were built for making suspenders, for making india-rubber webbing, and factories for cotton spinning. With every year the project grew apace until the proprietor could be named among the millionaires.

Out of the proceeds of the button manufacture a seminary was established, which is doubtless at the head of schools for young men in this country. A church was built, and accidentally burned. Another was built, and shared a similar fate. A third was built without delay, each being handsomer than its predecessor. A college was in trouble. The proceeds of buttons came to its relief and placed it upon enduring foundations—a college that has sent its men around the world to do good and help civilize. A young ladies' seminary was the next plan—the first of any account in this country. Again the button purse flew open, and the school that has been a model for at least half a dozen others was firmly founded. And all this time very few outside of these villages knew who was doing it all. In fact, we know of no instance where so much has been done by an individual without its being trumpeted to the world. Nor have we named the half of the benefactions which came from the button success. A college in the West was helped to a perma-

nent footing. A ladies' seminary in the West was also kindly remembered. A college in Syria, having the grandest plan at its foundation, was generously aided. And all the time new buildings were being added to the institutions which he had chiefly established, and for which he supplied the money. During the past season he has completed a great factory at a cost of not far from half a million and is now erecting a splendid dormitory building in connection with the school which bears his name. This is in part what buttons have done and are doing.

Many persons will like to know the name of the "button prince"—some few have already divined it—the name of Samuel Williston, of Easthampton, Massachusetts. In all these years of noble deeds and ever increasing success, Mr. Williston has shunned publicity, and we know that he will feel no pleasure at seeing his name used in this way. He is now seventy years of age, but still manages all his own affairs and executes details with wonderful energy. His career has been truly remarkable, and is well worthy a more fitting record than this little article can give. Misfortunes have never daunted him in the least, although some very severe vicissitudes have swept over his business. His own manner of life is plain, and he seldom stops for personal pleasure or rest. Greater plans yet we believe he has in his keeping, the fruit of which will become apparent before many months. It is a real pleasure to chronicle the work of such a man. While his intelligent distribution of aid has caused his influence to be felt around the world, he still shuns notoriety and has never in any way put himself forward. His name deserves a place beside those of Peabody, Lawrence, and the other good and true Americans who have used their privilege of wealth with discretion and liberality.

## THE ART OF HOSPITALITY.

OUR country boasts of her wide-spread system of education, and well she may. We are all proud of it, and other nations respect and honor us for it. But in that branch of education which it is impossible to acquire at schools and colleges, nay, which schools and colleges, by necessitating separation from home, cause to be neglected—in social refinement it is needless to deny Americans are too far behind the rest of the civilized world. It is remarkable, for example, how great an effect the manner in which a guest is welcomed has upon the pleasure of his visit; it is quite as true that the manner in which his host takes farewell of him at its termination has much to do with the pleasure of its recollections. Homer, long ago as he lived, and beggar as he was, finely expressed what was due to the guest from the host when he said:

"True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed:  
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

Welcome the coming guest; welcome him with a few, simple, pleasant, easy words; without ostentatious cordiality; without gushing declarations of friendship; without paralyzing his arm by an interminable shaking of hands; without hurry or flourish, or undue anxiety to have his trunk carried up to his room, or sandwiching between every sentence an anxious appeal to make himself *entirely* at home—an appeal which usually operates to make one feel as much away from home as possible. There are few prospects more dismal to a man who arrives by the stage at the country-house of his bosom friend than the spectacle of the bosom friend's door overflowing with the bosom friend's wife, maiden sisters, decrepit aunts, and children of all sizes—all waiting with palpitating hearts to receive the bosom friend's bosom friend—treading on one another's toes and squeezing and struggling to have a sight of him and to lead on the attack upon his nerves. To have to run a gauntlet of welcomes from this affectionate but misguided family is quite enough to unstring him for the whole fortnight. See, in this dilemma, what the poor guest has to undergo. First, to the flowing over upon him of the bosom friend; then to the flowing over of the partner of the bosom friend's bosom; then to the screaming into the deaf ears of the antediluvian members of the household; then to kissing the smeared faces of the younger, and the boisterous greetings of the older children. When at last the victim has reached his

room, he is totally unfit to play the agreeable, and, if he be aught of a cynic, he has a feeling of disgust and sensations anything but homelike. Throughout his visit he is so anxiously watched over lest he should not "feel at home," that he had far better be at once immured in one of our receptacles for convicts, where he can at least be surly without breach of etiquette. This constant taking it for granted on the part of the host and his family that one is not comfortable, and that they must hurry about and take all responsibility (and all self-helpfulness) from the guest, thus depriving him of the credit of common sense, is something worthy of indignation; all the more so because politeness forbids the least sign of impatience. It is ill-bred, it is not decent. It is insulting to the guest, and he would serve the author of such treatment right if he cut him thereafter without ceremony. And yet how many of our well-meaning, and in most things well-bred, people, fall into the error that unless they are constantly on the alert, unless they establish a kind of espionage over their guest, and watch his every movement, lest he should brush his own coat or take a seat for himself, they will be wanting in the courtesies of hospitality!

Perhaps the most trying ordeal of all is the parting scene. In the first place, the guest has to undergo a searching cross-examination as to why he is going and where he is going; then come repeated appeals to stay "just two days more," and the imaginations of the hosts are exhausted to present attractions that will induce a change of plan; this is followed (when the effort to persuade the guest to alter his decision has failed) by expressions of the ecstasy with which the visit has filled their breasts and the equally harassing grief with which they regard his departure. As he goes to the door he is followed by his well-meaning persecutors, who, as he departs, crowd over the threshold without regard to each other's feet or dresses; and the poor man, walking away, feels a morbid consciousness of being watched out of sight by his bosom friend's affectionate family. The art of hospitality consists in putting the guest at his ease; and this does not mean telling him to be at his ease. It consists in making him forget that he is a guest, and not in constantly pushing the fact before his eyes. And it also consists in leaving to him the exercise of his senses and of responsibility, at least so far that, finding what he needs at his hand, he may help himself.

## REVIEWS.

## THE EDDA.\*

FOR seven hundred years Iceland, oft rocked by the earthquake, flooded with fire, and girt about with storms, was the favored home of literature, the sanctuary of the muse. Here, while the sluggish Saxon mind was still wearing itself out in compiling monkish fables, the poet and the historian labored at their pleasing tasks, elaborating works that will stand as monumental to the end of time. Even while the shores of New England still remained an unbroken wilderness, the clank of the printing-press was heard by the Icelandic scholar, who at that early day read the works of Homer and Virgil, printed with his own hands, and reverently studied the "Æneid" and "Iliad" in connection with his own sublime "Edda." Iceland was settled in the year 870 by bands of colonists from Norway, who refused to submit to the tyranny of Harold Harfagr. In certain respects, no truer band of Pilgrim Fathers was ever sung. They left their native land from the pure love of liberty, preferring independence in a barren island above submission to a tyrant at home. These men were drawn from the flower of Odin's race, and were every way fitted to the work they had taken in hand. Possessed of superior mental resources, to which were added liberal material supplies, their enterprise proved a success; and for half a century after the first colonists landed the tide of new settlers continued to pour in, so that by the beginning of the tenth century Iceland possessed a population variously estimated at from sixty to seventy thousand souls. Yet this narrow island hardly afforded scope for their activity and

\* "Edda Semundar Hinna Fröda. The Edda of Semund the Learned. From the Old Norse or Icelandic. With a Mythological Index. Part I." 16mo, pp. 152. 1866.

ambition, and, their independence being established, they sent abroad their fleets and joined with Norway in overrunning Europe with armed men. Ere long they swung their battle-axes in the streets of Constantinople, carved their mystic runes on the lions of the Areopagus, filled even the heart of Charlemagne with dismay, colonized Greenland, and explored the coast of North America, and were found exhibiting their indomitable will wherever bold deeds were done and wherever courage found its reward.

And the same spirit was carried into the realms of literature. The poet and the soldier were indeed often united in the same person; and so full was the supply of skalds and historians that both Norway and Sweden eventually drew the entire body of their song and saga writers from the men of Iceland, in whose tongue we now read the records of the seakings of Norway, composed by Snorrio Sturleson, "the Shakespeare of the North."

Prominent among the great compositions of Iceland are the "Eddas," known as the Older and the Younger Edda, the former being in verse and the latter in prose. The authorship of the Younger Edda is attributed to Snorrio Sturleson, while that of the Older Edda is not positively known, though its compilation is generally attributed to Sæmund, called "the Wise."

A direct descendant of King Harold Hildetön, Sæmund was born at Oddi, in the south of Iceland, about 1055. Passing his youth in study abroad, he visited Germany and France, and possibly Italy. Being met by his kinsman, Ogmund, afterward first bishop of Holum, he was taken back to Iceland in the year 1076, where, Christianity having now been firmly established, he was admitted to the priesthood, and afterwards instructed many young men in useful lore. He died at the age of seventy-seven, leaving a history of Iceland and Norway which is now well-nigh lost. Among other tasks performed by him was that of the compilation of this volume of ancient songs called the "Edda." This collection consists of thirty-eight pieces, divided into two classes, the mythological and the heroic. The volume now under consideration contains those embraced in the first division. This is probably the only full English translation of the first division which has appeared since that by Cottle, in 1797, though an almost incredible degree of labor has been devoted to the text of the original by various English, German, and Scandinavian scholars, the handsomest edition of which we know being that by Möbius, of Leipsic. Lately attention has been directed to the hitherto extremely difficult question of an English translation; and it was while engaged two years since in studies looking toward this enterprise that the writer learned with pleasure, through a note from Mr. Longfellow, that no less than three Scandinavian scholars (Mr. Thorpe being among the number) were then engaged in making full and independent translations of the Older Edda. And though none of those translations have yet appeared, we are not left without something substantial to talk about. An unknown scholar, weary of waiting for others, comes forward and presents these literal translations.

Prominent among them is the "Hávamál: A Lay of Odin," the human infirmities of which composition lead us to believe that the god was after all a creature of like passions with ourselves who, as history proves, died one day in his bed. Some of the infirmities alluded to are of a kind liable to infect noble minds; but in whatever particulars the "Hávamál" may be wanting, it does not lack brain and power. In some respects it is a work after the style of Solomon himself, though we would not, of course, thereby insinuate the possibility of a comparison of this poem with any part of that Book of books which stands out through all the ages in sublime solitariness, the only oracle that speaks without prejudice and the sole Word of God. Still, there are utterances worthy of a lofty origin in the "Hávamál," a collection of wise, clear, and calmly stated maxims, somewhat separated in its character from other portions of the "Edda," which are deeply mysterious in their import and marked by wild fancies and fierce, uncontrollable passions—as illustrated in the revenge of the gods on Loki, the Prometheus of the North, who was bound to a sharp rock with the entrails of his son, a serpent

being hung over him, whose venom, dropping upon his face, caused him to shrink so suddenly that the whole earth trembled.

The great bard from whose wisdom we derive this imperishable poem might well have been excused for thinking of himself when he sang in the "Hávamál:"

"Kindred die,  
we ourselves also die;  
but the fair fame  
never dies  
of him who has earned it!"

Yet few will relish what Odin says in the "Hávamál" of women, upon whom the high one is more severe than just. It might, indeed, be supposed that he had recently been jilted from the tenor of his remarks. He says:

"In a maiden's words  
no one should place faith,  
nor in what a woman says;  
for on a turning wheel  
have their hearts been formed,  
and guile in their breast be laid."

On the other hand high respect is enjoined toward the aged:

"At a hoary speaker  
laugh thou never;  
often is good that which the aged utter,  
oft from a shriveled hide  
discreet words issue;  
from those whose skin is pendent  
and decked with scars."

This poem is also conspicuous for the prominence which it gives to the subjects of friendship and hospitality, concerning which the cunningest may here glean many a useful hint. Like the Wise King, it has something to say of temperance, though it blames not use but abuse:

"Let a man hold the cup,  
yet of the mead moderately drink."

The "Hávamál" also indicates the benefit derived from foreign travel, as showing by what rule mankind are generally governed. It teaches the guest enjoying hospitality not to wear out his welcome; and shows how one's own house is best, small though it be, and though he possesses "but two goats;" for

"Bleeding at heart is he  
who has to ask  
for food at every meal-tide."

Yet the author has no idea of being ashamed of honest poverty, and says:

"Washed and refected,  
let a man ride to the Thing [public assembly],  
although his garments be not too good;  
of his shoes and breeches  
let no man be ashamed,  
nor of his horse,  
although he have not a good one."

Toward the close the poet says:

"Time 'tis to discourse  
from the preacher's chair;"

when Odin is at once set to showering the hearer afresh with those little pellets of concentrated, portable wisdom which always bespeak the sage.

One of the poems in this volume is entitled "The Song of the Sun," and its authorship has been attributed to Sæmund himself. At all events, it is of a late date, and forms a curious mixture of the old and the new religions. It is given in the form of a dream, the deceased father being supposed to communicate thus with his son. He draws a terrible picture of the state of certain classes of men in hell. Those who had wrongly acquired the property of others went in shoals, bearing burdens of lead; while those who had despised holy days had their hands nailed to hot stones. Of the opposite class he says:

"I saw those men  
who had much given  
for God's laws;  
pure lights were  
above their heads  
brightly burning;"

while other who, from high motives,

"Helped the poor to aid:  
angels read holy books  
above their heads."

Leaving this poem, we take up another which is purely heathen, "The Lay of Thryne," telling how Vingthor (Thor) recovered his hammer. It opens as follows:

"Wroth was Vingthor,  
when he awoke,  
and his hammer  
missed;

his beard he shook,  
his forehead struck,  
the sons of earth  
felt all around him!"

Thor, accompanied by Loki, at once resorts to Freyia, borrows her wonderful garment of feathers, which is put upon Loki, who is off in a trice to the Jötun land, and finds Thryne the giant, who tells him that he indeed has the hammer, but will give it up only to the one who brings him Freyia to wife. Loki flies back with the message, which excites fearful anger; for

"Wroth then was Freyia;  
all the Æsir's hall  
beneath her trembled:  
in shivers flew the famed  
Brisinga necklace."

In the midst of the tumult a bright idea occurs to Heimdal, the keeper of the bridge Bifröst, or Rainbow, who suggests arraying Thor in the robes of Freyia and carrying him veiled to Thryne, and thus by fraud regain the possession of the indispensable hammer. It is no sooner said than done. Thor is at once clad in bridal robes, a chariot is prepared, and, accompanied by Loki, they drive to Jötunheim so fast that

"The rocks were shivered,  
the earth was in a blaze."

They arrive and are received with great joy; and there is no end of the slaughter of gold-horned cows and all-black oxen for the feast. The bride elect has a wonderful appetite, eclipsing the famous young lady of Deal who ate six platesful of veal. Indeed, it is said:

"Thor [the bride!] alone an ox devoured,  
salmons eight,  
and all the sweetmeats  
women should have."

Thryne himself, though accustomed to good living, thinks the bride eats somewhat voraciously and drinks quite enough mead; but Loki explains that she had taken nothing for eight nights, being so eager to meet her betrothed! But still Thryne is a little curious; so

"Under her veil he stooped  
desirous to salute her,  
but sprang back  
along the hall,  
'Why are so piercing  
Freyia's looks?  
Methinks that fire  
burns from her eyes.'"

This is also explained. Freyia had not slept for eight nights, so eager was she for Jötunheim! Then

"In came the Jötun's luckless sister,  
for a bride-gift  
she dared to ask:  
'Give me from thy hands  
the ruddy rings,  
if thou wouldst gain  
my love, my love  
and favor all.'"

Then says Thryne:

"Bring the hammer in,  
the bride to consecrate;  
lay Miölnir [the hammer]  
on the maiden's knees;  
unite us each with other  
by the hand of Vor" [Goddess of marriage].

But now comes an unexpected turn of affairs:

"Laughed Hlorridi's [Thor's]  
soul in his breast  
when the fierce-hearted  
his hammer recognized."

So, improving the golden moment,

"He first slew Thryne,  
the Thursar's [giant's] Lord,  
and the Jötun's race  
all crushed."

Following up this pleasing task,

"He slew the Jötun's  
aged sister,  
her who a bride-gift  
had demanded;  
she a blow got  
instead of skillings,  
a hammer's stroke  
for many rings."

It is with very apparent satisfaction that the poet finally concludes:

"So got Odin's son  
his hammer back."

Space will not permit of quotations from other portions of the work, nor even from "Loki's Altercation," which occurred in Æsir's hall, a splendid sanctuary, where the sparkling mead served itself to

the guests, and where the place of fire-light was supplied by the blazing beams of bright gold! Nor is it possible to speak now of many interesting features which appear to the reader; yet the hope may, nevertheless, be expressed that this volume is in some sense an additional pledge of a better future for Icelandic studies. Much, indeed, has been done, yet still much remains undone. What we need more especially, to fill a great vacancy, is a noble translation of the whole "Edda" in a modern meter. The task proposed is one of great difficulty, and would tax the strength of genius; yet, being fairly accomplished, such a work would remain a much-prized treasure so long as literature itself endures.

In the meanwhile, the author of the present literal translations should be encouraged to go on in the course which he has already mapped out; especially since, in addition to an unaffected modesty, he displays many evidences of his fitness to grapple with the difficulties of weird northern thought. The second part of the "Edda" from him would surely find a welcome. Let him feel encouraged, then, to go on in his noble work, even by a voice from over the sea.

B. F. D.

#### A BOOK BY A POPULAR LECTURER.\*

THE gentleman who edits "Adrift in Dixie," under the name of Edmund Kirke, has put himself to a needless waste of foolscap in endeavoring to prove that a capacity to read and write often counts for very little in the judgment of a philosophical mind; for, however carefully he may have elaborated his logic, he could not have hit upon a more convincing argument than a simple reference to himself. Such a mode of reasoning might, indeed, have subjected him to the charge of egotism; but this ought to have been no hindrance to one in whom that element is not at all foreign, while its appositeness would have been readily appreciated by any one familiar with the author's recent performances.

"Edmund Kirke" first came prominently before the public some four or five years ago in a work entitled "Among the Pines," which, by virtue of puffery and indiscriminate criticism, attained to a very tolerable sale. It was a book descriptive of southern life in an aspect scarcely touched upon by any previous writer. It claimed, moreover, to be the result of personal observations, and, although some of its statements provoked sharp replies from that portion of the press to whom its political reflections were obnoxious, it unquestionably won the unsuspicious approval of a great many people. This fortuitous success proved fatal to our author. He had invented long conversations, and by means of a somewhat vivid style had given them the appearance of verisimilitude. He now began to improve on this method, and to turn it to partisan account. We have no space, nor is it worth the while to hunt up the numerous illustrations of how this was done which are to be found in certain magazines; but the most notable achievement in this direction was his "Atlantic" narrative of the famous Richmond adventure, in which Col. Jacques and himself figure so conspicuously. By one of those sublime flights of conceit which are possible, fortunately, to very few, he imagined that in Col. Jacques and himself resided the power of bringing the greatest war of the century to a speedy and happy close. He accordingly visited the Confederate capital, secured an unofficial interview with certain southern gentlemen, and retired to write a magazine article as questionable in point of fact as it was profitable in the matter of dollars and cents. Every one knows how violently it was assailed by one party and how hotly it was defended by another, of the use that was made of it in the last presidential campaign, and of the ineffectual denials which it drew from Richmond. Yet we hazard nothing in saying that at the present moment very little credence is given to its assertions. And this widely-extending skepticism is due in no respect to the tendency of the public toward a more liberal view of southern opinion; but simply from the strong impression of untrustworthiness which its author by his own conduct has at last inspired. The

art of reading and writing, to which such scornful allusion is made in the introduction of the present volume, is believed to have had an injurious effect upon at least one maker of books, and the name of Edmund Kirke has become synonymous with romancing and unveracity.

Perhaps, however, the best evidence of the amount of fatuity and incapacity which may be associated with some ability for mere verbal composition is to be found in the book before us. A young Massachusetts officer taken prisoner during the war finally managed to escape from his captors, and to safely reach the Union lines by the help of his native perseverance and the good-will of several plantation negroes. For the amusement of his friends and for the sake of assisting his own memory, he was induced to prepare a manuscript account of his wanderings. The rest of the story Mr. Kirke tells himself, and we are only too glad to avail ourselves of his chaste and eloquent language:

"The narrative was not intended for publication, and for long was seen only by the partial friends who gather under the 'old roof-tree'; but, after being read and re-read around the family fire-side, it crept out into the colder outside air, and, one wintry morning, galloped across several miles of hilly country and pulled up at my doorway.

"I took it in and gave it a warm place by the winter fire. I could not do otherwise, for a pair of bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and smiling lips came with it and said to me (the lips, I mean): 'It is true, Mr. Kirke, and you will be interested in it; for it tells how faithful and kind the southern negroes were to one who has no claim on them other than being a northern man and a Union soldier.'

"I sat down to the manuscript, and, before rising, had read it through from end to end. . . . 'This narrative should be published,' I said to the rosy-cheeked messenger, 'for it tells what the North does not as yet fully realize—the great fact that in the very heart of the South are four millions of people—of strong, able-bodied, true-hearted people—whose loyalty led them, while the heel of the 'chivalry' was on their necks and a halter was dangling before their eyes, to give their last cent and their only suit of Sunday homespun to the fleeing fugitive, simply because he wore the livery and fought the battles of the Union.'

"Do with it as you like," said the rosy-cheeked messenger; 'we owe my brother's life to the negroes; and you can publish his journal, if you think it will do them any good!'"—pp. 10, 11.

Beautiful permission! Touching interview! How Homeric the description! What accuracy in preserving the little delicacies of the conversation, and the exquisite gallantry of our author! The reader will notice every epithet, and the singular faithfulness of the description. The "colder outside air," the "wintry morn," the "warm place by the winter fire," the "rosy-cheeked messenger"—could anything be more exact or pathetic? It is in connection with this passage that the fly-leaf should be read, where we are told that "the pages of the author do not furnish fiction, but absolute truth." Certainly there can be no doubt about it—here is absolute truth!

Fortified by the possession of the absolute, by the presence of "bright eyes, rosy cheeks, smiling lips," and the manuscript aforesaid, "Mr. Kirke" girds himself to a very considerable task. He had once endeavored to settle the civil war, he had succeeded in carrying the presidential election, and he now resolves by means of a small duodecimo volume to effectually and most satisfactorily arrange the whole vast question of reconstruction. At the very outset a serious obstacle was encountered; for, as he tells us in his graphic manner, "that same evening a gentleman came to my house who, once a week, reminds an intelligent congregation that 'God hath made of one blood all nations that dwell on the face of the earth,' and I mentioned to him the narrative and my thought of giving it to the public. 'Don't do it,' he said very decidedly, 'we have heard enough of the negro.'" To this very indiscreet remark "Mr. Kirke" makes, very naturally, an indignant remonstrance, for what right has one who only deals with an intelligent congregation instead of an "intelligent contraband" to have any opinion upon the subject! "But they are ignorant, they cannot read or write," is the unsuspecting rejoinder. "No matter," is the response. "Neither can one in four of the voters in our northern cities. If reading and writing were necessary qualifications to citizenship, Alexander the Great and, probably, ten of the twelve apostles would have been denied a country." And so the argument swings on with spasms of enthusias-

tic rhetoric and slippery logic, until ink or indignation gives out and the introduction concludes.

We have endeavored candidly to set forth the arguments and animus of the volume. Its absurdity is left to the reader's discrimination. The writer of the present review is himself in favor of an enlargement of the suffrage, but he fails to discover in "Adrift in Dixie" any help toward that end. It is a simple, colorless story of the adventures of a Union soldier in his efforts to reach his home, and the fact that the blacks assisted him in his journey no more proves their right to vote than is the right of women to the same privilege shown by the circumstance that they are not destitute of heart or of sympathy with misfortune. The political feature of the book is not, however, what we wish to advert to; it is rather its ridiculous style, its inadequateness as means to ends, and the literary sin of publishing a narrative whose importance is wholly personal. Mr. Kirke is, doubtless, quite right in his contempt for mere intelligence; but he should practice what he preaches, and if the *cacotheca scribendi* is too strong within him he ought to confine himself strictly to the field which he has lately been working up—the preparation of sensation articles for nursery magazines.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

"Pictorial History of the Civil War in the United States of America. By Benson J. Lossing." Vol. I. Philadelphia: George W. Childs. 1866. Pp. 608.

Mr. Lossing's well-known "Field Books" of the Revolution and of the war of 1812 gave a sufficient clue to the probable character of this history of the war to prevent any disappointment at there being nothing that may properly be called history in the volume. Indeed, Mr. Lossing, disavows the intention of making it more than "a faithful chronicle;" and its evident object is to serve as a frame for the four hundred and odd pictures which decorate its pages. As a historian, too, he was anticipated by Mr. Abbott and other narrators of about the same grasp of mind and range of ideas as himself. He trod in their beaten track of relying upon the newspapers; of estimating the importance of events by the attention they happened to receive at the time when they transpired and of detailing them in the microscopic fullness of a reporter; thereby producing a book which, so far as its reading matter goes, is—anecdotes, doggerel rhymes, puffs, and the rest of it—but the essence of the New York dailies of the period.

But it was as a picture-book that Mr. Lossing's work was designed and executed, and his selection of a style of narration may be explained on the ground that it is that most conducive to the introduction of a multiplicity of pictures. As a picture-book it is fully as successful as could have been expected, even more so than the author's previous books, whose popularity shows the demand existing for such productions. The pictorial department, nevertheless, bears the impress of the newspapers as distinctly as the literary, an all-pervading atmosphere of *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie* impregnating the neatly executed wood-cuts no less palpably than "our own correspondent" appears in the text. Out of the four hundred illustrations, for instance, we have no fewer than one hundred and thirty-one of those marvelous newspaper "portraits" wherein a successful rendering of a single feature contents the artist. On this accepted system of conventional representations, a mane of iron-gray hair signifies Mr. Calhoun (p. 42), and a clerical arrangement of throat-gear means Governor Wise (p. 43). One can, indeed, imagine the artist furnished with such memoranda as "A. H. Stephens, backwoodsman in holiday dress; Buchanan, top-knot, wry neck, large collar, loose white necktie; McClellan, mustache; Welles, white beard," and thereupon sent to discharge the remainder of his task by the light of nature. These "portraits" after long study do, it is true, in most instances reveal a less vague semblance of the victim than the wood-cuts of electioneering envelopes and country journals are apt to present; and as their acquaintances already know their appearance, and those who do not are quite as well content with what they imagine to be a verisimilitude, perhaps the likenesses answer every practical purpose. Newspaper art has also

\* "Adrift in Dixie," or, A Yankee Officer among the Rebels; with an introduction by Edmund Kirke, author of "Among the Pines," etc. Carleton, publisher. 1866.

been closely followed in respect to the selection of subjects depicted. Just as a famous murder affords occasion for vivid representations of the room where it took place, the blood spots on the victim's dress, the stains on the door knob, the supposed knife used by the assassin, so Mr. Lossing has attained the full quota of his four hundred pictures by delineating flags suggested and adopted, postage stamps, Confederate money, a specific and a generic cannon ball, General Anderson's sword, a carpet-bag in which a rebel mail was carried, and other objects whose preservation was of similar importance. From the precedent thus afforded, we may look with hope to find embalmed in the continuation of the work such celebrated articles as Governor Brown's cabbages, General Bishop Polk's prayer-book, Jeff. Davis's boot-jack, the carpet-bags which contained phosphorus for the destruction of New York, and the lamp-posts upon which negroes were hung during the draft riots.

Mr. Lossing's book, however, is not without its value. It is a repository for many circumstances not likely to be preserved elsewhere, and which ought to be understood by the future historian of the times. It is scarcely a work which gentlemen will care to preserve among the standard histories of their libraries, but is certain to remain popular until it is worn out with the large class among whom the pictures will be possessed of the deepest interest, and be thumbed so long as they are discernible.

"Index to the New York Times for 1865." New York: Henry J. Raymond & Co. Pp. 182.

This little volume, which enables one to turn immediately to information that it might otherwise cost hours to find, affords a guide not only to the files of the *Times*, but to the record of all current news as given in the other metropolitan dailies. Its great convenience suggests the want of a similar index to the more permanent periodical literature of the day. It frequently happens that valuable information which has never taken permanence in book form is embodied in exhaustive papers in the quarterlies, monthlies, and even weeklies, and that one is busily engaged in collecting for himself knowledge which is already to his hand if he but knew where to look for it. We can think of few publications that would possess more sterling value than an annual analytical index to the scientific, historical, political, and critical articles of all standard periodicals published in the English language. Having such assistance, any one within reach of a public library might readily familiarize himself with all that bears upon any subject he desires to investigate.

This suggests to us another book which, if properly prepared, would be both useful and popular—a dictionary of business and professional technical terms. Nearly every business pursuit has a slang peculiar to itself—phrases which the world at large constantly hears without fully comprehending, and whose intrusion into conversation renders it almost an unknown dialect to the uninitiated. Brokers' terms, for instance, are utterly meaningless to people at large. A money article which discourses fluently of "corners" and "margins" and "buying flat" and "selling short," and all the rest of it, conveys about as much significance to the popular mind as if it were written in a foreign tongue. Merchants, lawyers, journalists, artists, physicians, men of every avocation, have a jargon of their own which is bewildering to all but themselves. Whoever, by means of a convenient manual, should act as interpreter would be a public benefactor.

Still another needed work, of which we may as well speak while considering books of reference, is a convenient atlas. Geographers seem entirely devoid of any realization of the wants of people at large, and have given us nothing in which one can comfortably follow a book of history or travel. Anything which approaches completeness is sure to be ponderous, heavy of binding, with thick paper, maps on but one side of the page involving twice the essential number of pages, and usually adorned with such a profusion of ornate and useless border about each map and such width of margin as to add one-third to the weight and clumsiness of the book. The atlas which has the largest circulation in this country is uncomfortable in

all these respects. For anything which involves an estimate of distances from points in one state to those in its neighbor, it is useless. Two or three states on one page are surrounded by a frame-work of bas relief foliage (of execrable execution) occupying as much space as would have admitted a state or two more and the opposite page is blank; so that, to assure one's self of the relative position of New York and Baltimore, half-a-dozen leaves must be turned over. As to completeness, it contains, for example, no map whatever of the Netherlands; it entirely ignores Normandy, Anjou, Navarre, Languedoc, and the other old divisions of France, which are named on every page of European history. In respect of workmanship, the engraving has originally been decently neat, but the coloring appears as if the paint had been thrown at it in indefinite blobs, and a close scrutiny is requisite to determine the boundaries of countries under the two thicknesses of color. No one who tries to read history would fail to welcome an atlas made as light as might be without sacrificing fullness and as full as it could be made without interfering with clearness, and which had an alphabetical index referring each place to its latitude and longitude and the number of the map in which it is to be found. The fact that so few publishers accompany their books with the maps they need, added to the difficulty of turning to them when so given, makes the want of such a book very great.

"The Battle of the Kegs." By Francis Hopkinson. Oakwood Press. 1866. Large and small paper, pp 31, unpagged.

THE occasion which led Judge Hopkinson to write his ballad, entitled "The Battle of the Kegs," is so well known that we need not repeat it; and it is chiefly necessary to say of this volume that it is said, we believe truly, to have been the work of an amateur; that it was, in fact, privately printed; that it is, therefore, creditable to the mechanical abilities of its printer; and that we hope to see still further evidence of his taste and industry in his occupation as a producer of privately-printed volumes. It is printed on blue, laid writing-paper, with old-style pica type and rubricated borders, the twenty-two verses and vignette tail-piece occupying twenty-three pages of the work; and the edition numbering only a hundred copies, of which eighteen were on large and eighty-two on small paper.

We regret that we cannot say as much for the editor as we have said for the printer; and we commend to his consideration the proverb that "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well." His introductory remarks, credited to *The American Museum*, 1787, were, indeed, printed in that work, but only as an extract from a cotemporary newspaper, *The New Jersey Gazette*, which, instead of *The Museum*, should have received the credit. Had the editor of this edition acted wisely he would have published Judge Hopkinson's own statement of the circumstances attending the production of the ballad, which appears on page 55 of the same volume of *The Museum*; and his selection instead of an extract from an anonymous letter, published in one of the newspapers of the day, appears unaccountable.

But there are other faults than this which the editor should have noticed and corrected. For instance:

I. The first line of the fifth verse should read,

"These kegs, I'm told, the rebels *bold*,"

instead of

"These kegs, I'm told, the rebels *hold*."

II. The first line of the eighth verse should read,

"Some 'Fire' cried, which some denied,"

instead of

"Some *sire* cried," etc.

III. In the ninth verse it is said,

"Sir William he, snug as a *slea*,"

instead of

"Sir William he, snug as a *flea*;"

and Mrs. Loring used only one "r" in writing her name, instead of *two*, as printed in this verse.

IV. The speech of Sir Erskine extended through verses xii., xiii., and xiv., and should have been printed with quotation marks. The editor has omitted

them from all but the *first* lines of verses xii. and xiv.

V. The sixteenth verse opens thus:

"The cannon roar from shore to shore,  
The small-arms make a rattle;"

instead of which the editor thus renders the last line:

"The small-arms loud did rattle."

VI. The first line of verse xxi. opens thus:

"An hundred men, with each pen,"

instead of the editor's version of

"A hundred men," etc.

VII. In the original, the ballad is set to the tune of "*Moggy Laverder*;" but the editor has strangely omitted this important feature in the reproduction of the verses in the volume before us.

There are several instances of a substitution of an "f" for an "f," and *vice versa*; but we have no space to notice these specimens of merely bad proof-reading.

"Thirty Years on the Frontier." By Capt. R. B. Marcy. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1866.

The history of governmental expeditions against the Indians has never been very well recorded, nor has frontier life been fully appreciated by the readers of the few sketches that have appeared. Captain Marcy gives us in this volume as readable and satisfactory account of Indian habits and life at the present time, and as interesting descriptions of the hazards of travel across the plains, as have been presented in book form. We also learn much of the unwritten history and mystery of a number of expeditions in which both "Captain Marcy" and "Captain McClellan" were the leaders. The book is illustrated, and altogether is very readable for a leisure hour of summer rest. Very little is said about the Red River of the North and Dacotah, about which Captain Marcy is so well informed; but the famous expeditions over the Rocky Mountains and against the Mormons of Utah are fully set forth. Innumerable stories are related, and narratives of personal adventure are interspersed throughout.

Captain Marcy was chief of General McClellan's staff in the recent war, and held the post of Inspector-General of the United States armies. He is noted as perhaps the best marksman in the army, there being hardly a frontier post or stockade where his skill is not a matter of legend. Probably no man in the country knows so much of the true condition of our Indian affairs, hence we can commend his volume of sketches to our readers as based upon actual knowledge and experience. He has passed through countless episodes of danger, and is as much at home among the red-skins as he is among the whites. This is his second attempt at book-making, and we think our readers will at least pronounce it interesting.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- WALTER LOW, New York.—Holy Bible. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. Parts I., II., III.  
ALEXANDER STRAHAN & Co., London and New York.—The Angel's Song. By Dr. Guthrie.  
A Summer in Skye. By Alexander Smith. Pp. 570.  
HARPER & BROS., New York.—Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border, etc. By Col. R. B. Marcy. 1866. Pp. 442.  
Lectures on the Study of History. By Goldwin Smith, M.A. 1866. Pp. 269.  
Hand and Glove. By Amelia B. Edwards. 1866. Pp. 122.  
TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston and New York.—Summer Rest. By Gail Hamilton. 1 vol. 16mo.  
Poems. By Miss Mulock. 1 vol. 32mo.  
LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.—Why Not? By H. R. Storer, M.D. 1866. Pp. 91.  
A Thousand a Year. By Mrs. E. M. Bruce. 1866. Pp. 263.  
TOMLINSON BROS., Chicago.—Mabel Ross. 1866. Pp. 432.  
The Broken Pitcher. 1866. Pp. 382.  
D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—The Dove in the Eagle's Nest. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." 1866. Pp. 339.  
NICHOLS & NOYES, Boston.—Our Eternal Homes. By A Bible Student. Pp. 186.  
The Little Things of Nature. By L. H. Grindon. 1866. Pp. 88.  
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF EVANGELICAL KNOWLEDGE, New York.—Daily Communings with God. By H. E. C. Cobden. Sixth edition. Pp. 95.  
T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—The Orphans and Cale Field. By Mrs. Oliphant. Pp. 133.  
LITTELL, SON & Co., Boston.—In Lodgings at Knightsbridge—Wick Hampton Hall. Pp. 47 and 28.  
Miss Marjoribanks. By Mrs. Oliphant. Pp. 243.  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Patriotic Poems. By F. De Haes Janvier. 1866. Pp. 88.  
R. E. JOHNSON & Co., Philadelphia.—The American Printer. By Thomas Mackellar. 1866. Pp. 336.

## THE ROUND TABLE.

FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 16.

## CONGRESS AND NATIONAL EDUCATION.

THE House of Representatives last week rejected the bill to establish a National Bureau of Education. Thereby it has again declined to sanction the appearance of a single beneficent measure as the record of a half-year as unprofitably spent as any in the annals of American legislation. The trivial character of the objections urged against the bill was in keeping with the utter failure on the part of Congress to apprehend the wants of education and the nature of the reforms which an educational bureau ought to effect. One honorable gentleman considered that a conclusive argument against the project existed in the fact that it involved the establishing of a new department of the government, and opined that "Congress might as well establish a department of religion or a department of temperance." Another entertained an impression that all purposes might be answered by employing two clerks under the Secretary of the Interior to collect educational statistics. So long as such impenetrable illiberality is rampant it is, perhaps, as well that the establishment of the bureau is postponed until the subject is more fully comprehended and some intelligence of its needs and capabilities exists among those who legislate upon it.

What the nature and aims of our bureau of education should be becomes very evident when we consider the condition of the country and of popular education. A large proportion of the states have no public schools and no desire or means to establish them. In many of the others, they are in the hands either of politicians entirely apathetic as to their welfare, or of state or county authorities in the densest ignorance of their purposes and wants. As a general rule the teachers are persons who have adopted their pursuit in consequence of failure to succeed in any other. They are accepted by incompetent examining committees who make no effort to ascertain their capability for imparting instruction. And they receive such wretched pittance as are of themselves sufficient assurance of their worthlessness. In the schools children attend or not, as themselves or their parents please, and the inducements offered are usually so small that their parents frequently do not please; lax discipline, irregular attendance, and a hap-hazard selection of text-books prevent any approach to good scholarship; and there is nothing to call forth either the interest or emulation of the pupils. In a word, out of New England and a few cities and western states our public school system is dead.

It is of the first importance that all this should be changed. That the present chaos can be banished and order introduced without smothering the life of the whole system under red tape, is quite practicable. There should be some guarantee of the competence of teachers and that the time of the pupils is profitably spent. There should be enough uniformity of course to render the class in which the child is placed a reliable index of his attainments, and to make his removal to a school in another state no change or interruption of his course of study. There ought, above all, to be such incentives to diligence and emulation as would insure hard and faithful work. State authorities have shown themselves not merely unable to supply these wants, but incapable even of comprehending their existence. Indeed, were they ever so anxious to meet them, they must fail from their lack of resources which exist only in the general government.

The first task to which a national bureau should address itself is the remodeling of the public schools, supplying them with capable teachers, revising their text-books and course of study, establishing discipline, and enforcing attendance. Upon this foundation of primary schools should be built up a well-arranged system of graded schools, and of grammar, high, normal, commercial, agricultural, scientific schools—promotion to which should be within the reach of every diligent pupil. From the graduates of these government schools only should be selected, in accordance

with the capacity and line of talent they have evinced, all the minor office-holders whose appointment is now a matter of political favor and a prolific source of political corruption.

Such a system is obviously beyond the reach of the state governments, and its advantages could be attained by no agreement between them, even if the disposition existed. Yet until it, or one of similar scope, be adopted, no system of public schools can become effective. To establish anything of such magnitude evidently requires the largest powers, such as can only be found in a distinct department of the government. So our chagrin at the present failure of the measure may be consoled by our satisfaction that the modeling of an institution of such national importance was not intrusted to men of such hopelessly small views as to comprehend no more effective bureau of education than a couple of clerks under the charge of the Secretary of the Interior.

## PYRAMID WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

A SHORT time since, while engaged in a careful consideration of Prof. Piazz's work on "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," a work of vast mathematical research, and of world-wide importance for its practical bearing upon the subject of weights and measures, we were suddenly astonished by the announcement that the Congress of the United States had given a certain sanction to the metrical system adopted by the French. Nothing could illustrate more forcibly the inconsiderate, headlong haste which so frequently attends on American statesmanship. This is the most flippant act in our national history, and the day may come when it shall be viewed with regret.

The French system is ingenious. It is consistent with itself. It has also proved popular. Yet that does not prove that it is right. The system on the other hand is proved wrong by the best of evidence, which is a fact that Congress ought to know. The plan is defective at its very foundation. It takes as its standard or unit the *meter*, which is assumed to be one forty-millionth part of the circumference of the earth. But the measurements upon which this idea is based are not to be relied on. There is a vast difference between measuring the circle of the heavens and the surface of the earth, which is now demonstrated by later studies to be variable in a degree hitherto never even imagined. The standard reached is therefore by no means invariable or exact, and hence the delicate and well-wrought system based upon it cannot be implicitly followed.

But is it possible to attain to a perfectly true standard? This question is triumphantly answered by Professor Smith in the volume already alluded to, in which he undertook, at the cost of great labor, to verify the wonderful conclusions arrived at by Taylor by his life-long study of the pyramid of Ghizeh. These investigations have established beyond question that the most perfect system of weights and measures ever devised is that revealed in the great pyramid, which is now known to be not the tomb of a vain-glorious king, but a grand scientific treatise in stone. It is impossible now to lay the details of these investigations before our readers. The figures involved are sufficient to make any scholar dizzy outside of the closet, and we can only state the results, which prove that the variable surface of the earth is not the standard of measure, but that to arrive at certainty we must do as the pyramid-builders did, and take the earth's axis of rotation, one five hundred millionth part of which constitutes exactly one inch. The fundamental unit is proved to be not the *meter*, but the honest British *inch*. The great pyramid stands as an eternal protest against the errors of the French, and represents the A standard devised for all people and all time by a race that anticipated the highest modern mathematics while living in the world's gray dawn. This race was that of the Hyksos, or shepherd kings, who came out of the East, subdued the ancient Egyptians without a blow, forced them to build the great pyramid under their superior direction, thus preserving the structure from every taint of idolatry, and then finally left the land of the Pharaohs and went back to the regions from whence they came, leaving their work to stand amid all the ages of the world as a witness to the truth

that a false balance is an abomination in the eyes of the Lord, but that a just weight is his delight.

The central object in the pyramid of Ghizeh is the porphyry or marble coffer in the celebrated king's chamber, and which is also proved to form an indispensable illustration of the beautiful and just, nay, we might almost say inspired, system of weights and measures preserved and revealed in this mighty fabric, reared even before Abraham was, for the guidance and instruction of man.

And at the present time, when modern investigation is unavailing the secret of the ages, and slowly but surely recovering an unerring system of weights and measures for the regulation of the dealings of man with man, shall we in a moment of haste and without due thought adopt the ill-founded metrical system of the French, the offspring of a terrible revolution? Let us rather act the part of wise men, and patiently wait until we know more of primeval standards, and in the meanwhile bravely hold on to our "Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," which is the British Inch.

## ARTISTS AND THEIR CRITICS.

IT cannot be denied that art in this country has advanced very materially within the past two or three years. Our best painters—especially those who devote themselves to landscapes—have gained upon themselves wonderfully, taking, in fact, the first rank of any living artists. Neither England, France, nor Germany can name any greater painters than Church, Johnson, Gignoux, Leutze, and Bierstadt. And while our artists have thus been progressing, the taste of the people has been elevated until there are no more enthusiastic or appreciative picture-lovers the world over than Americans. There is no city where an artist can obtain so large returns for his labor as in New York. All the good painters are kept constantly at work and the demand for their productions is ever on the increase. No sooner is a prominent work announced than its author is besieged with offers, and he has generally the pleasant privilege of naming his own price. Of course this fashion of the times—if an art fever may so be called—is somewhat disastrous to general exhibitions and Academy displays, since there is no necessity for the best artists to employ these agencies to make known their pictures. Hence one must gain access to private galleries and club-rooms before he can understand fully the real condition of art progress.

But with all this prosperity in the art world, both as pertains to the advance of the painters and the elevation of the taste of the people, there is one feature which reflects no credit upon either art or artists. We refer to the matter of critics and criticism. Almost every conductor of a public journal can testify to some very unpleasant experiences on this score, and it is especially so with those who make an effort to procure anything like fair and independent critical notices. What we mean is that the artists do not accept criticism in a good spirit, nor do they appear to enjoy any adulation of rivals or brother painters. If a picture is criticised, the artist immediately suspects that some enemy is at work trying to undermine him. If a picture is praised, a number of other artists consider that the critic has been prejudiced by a gift of money or otherwise. Indeed, there is little or no comfort in art criticism. No department of our own paper has caused us one tithe the annoyance that this has. The writers and publishers of books accept the severest strictures with neither suspicion, anger, nor jealousy. We have criticised individuals and public things with neither fear nor favor, but have not experienced one half the discomfort that we have from our art columns. Thinking it might be because of a particular writer, we have tried various critics and from time to time have used the contributions of nearly all the art judges. The same success has attended all. The effect seems to be alike unsatisfactory be our comments favorable or severe. Hence we have come to the conclusion that the trouble is with the artists themselves. They are unwilling to be criticised, and are unwilling to have their rivals praised. All of which is simply foolish, and can only do injury to art and artists.

We do not say this because it is of any possible

account how much or how little the painters themselves may be pleased with the dissections of their works. Criticism has a higher end in view than the favor or satisfaction of any individual. If rightly directed and given fairly it can but be beneficial to art, as it is to all other things. But we do not like to see such unwillingness on the part of the artists to have their works criticised when all other classes of men accept it in good part. We would rather see a nobler spirit and a more generous policy actuating this ever growing and ever improving profession.

#### SUMMER IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

THE city begins to be deserted; the fashionable watering-places and the delightful little villages in the country are beginning to overflow with visitors. Every year the strict but unwritten law that people in the so-called best society must go out of town during the summer is more and more generally obeyed. Of course all persons, and especially all ladies, desire to be considered fashionable; and since fashion orders them to the country, they earnestly endeavor to obey. It is in vain to assure them that they will be more comfortable in the city; that watering-place hotels and country boarding-houses are proverbially inconvenient, and that, with early hours, frequent baths, and occasional excursions, they can be just as cool and even more healthy at home. Arguments are wasted. Deprive a lady of a new bonnet, a new dress, an invitation to a friend's party, a ticket for the best ball, her beau if she be a maiden, her husband if she be married, or even go so far as to take away her mirror, and she may endure the loss without a murmur, provided her disposition be sufficiently angelic. But deprive her, or talk of depriving her, of her summer jaunt, and you rouse the sleeping lioness, which is even more dangerous than rousing the sleeping lion.

Yielding the point, then, without attempting to discuss it, we will admit that it is a good thing to go into the country; but we do wish that people were a little more discriminating as to where they go. The change from city life to country life, from crowded streets to shady lanes, from the roar and bustle of the metropolis to the quiet and seclusion of green fields and pleasant woods, is most invigorating. If the fashionable folks desired to get out of society for awhile in order to recruit and repair damages; if they were anxious to win new roses from the fragrant winds and strength from outdoor exercises; if they resolved to escape from the imprisonment of full-dress and the routine of their ordinary life; if they hoped that the melody of birds, the beauty of the landscapes, the fresh, pure air and the glorious sunshine would renew and perpetuate their youth, we could readily understand why they leave the city. But, in fact, the most of them go to a country that is not natural and that tries to ape the city in every possible way. At the watering-places they meet the same people, they live the same lives, they dress as often and as splendidly, they keep as late hours, they eat as unwholesome food, they care as little for nature and as much for art, they go through the same weary round of dissipations, as if they had remained at home, while at the same time they subject themselves to a thousand privations, extortions, vexations, and inconveniences from which at home they never suffer. No theory can reconcile these phenomena. The laws of fashion, unlike those of gravitation, have not yet found their Newton.

Another curious fact is that at this very season, when city people are going to the country, the country people are coming to the city. One would suppose that they had mistaken their time. The city blooms and is beautiful in the winter, and then there is something for our country cousins to see. If they would come at that time there might be a reciprocity of enjoyments. The city people would have the benefit of the country when it is at its best, and the country people would find the city in its gayest and brightest mood. But, instead of this, our misguided rural friends come to town during the dog-days, when all the metropolitans except the can't-get-away club have fled from the heated pavements and the scorching air. Many of the places of amusement are closed, and those which remain open are usually in the hands of amateur managers, who present performances which would not be tolerated by the

habitués. The stores display their least attractive goods; the handsomest houses are closed; the most eloquent divines are no longer to be heard; the restaurants give vacations to their choicest cooks; those unfortunate people whom an unkind fate has prevented from departing grimly deny themselves to all callers; Broadway is deserted by its accustomed promenaders; the persons who show themselves out-of-doors are careless as to dress; the milliners and modistes have nothing but old fashions to exhibit. Still, year after year, the countrymen and countrywomen come and think that they have seen the city and participated in its chief delights. As well might one go to the country in March, when the trees are bare, the skies frowning, the fields covered with snow and sleet, the air raw and keen, and then imagine that he knew all the pleasures of rural existence!

#### A MODEL LIBRARY.

THE Boston Public Library was designed to be, and is so administered as to make it, thoroughly public. It comprises two halls—the upper, containing about 100,000 volumes, being the library proper; and the lower hall, containing 25,000, being the popular branch. A reading-room adjoins the lower hall. To all persons residing in the city or suburbs, and over eighteen years of age, and to strangers also, with some limitations, the library is absolutely free to use for consultation and reading at will, and for borrowing by the simple formula of signing a card with name and residence. We can bear testimony to the popular use of the lower hall, having often seen it, especially on Saturdays, literally packed with applicants for books, a very large proportion being young people; and so great is the desire of the trustees to extend this popular use that a prominent standing rule is that "Whenever a book wanted by any one using the library does not belong to it, such person is particularly requested to enter the title of the book on a card furnished for the purpose, to which the person's name and residence shall be added." The trustees regret that less than three hundred requests a year have been made; notwithstanding, they "deem their plan wise and liberal, and do not propose to abandon it." The trustees suppose that the library, begun only thirteen years ago, "with very small resources and very modest hopes," and having risen "from a collection of a few thousand volumes to above a hundred and twenty thousand, and from a circulation of about seven thousand a year to one of about a hundred and ninety thousand," is open more hours in the day and more days in the year than any similar institution of its size in the world. "They suppose, too, that the number of persons who resort to it is greater than that resorting to any similar free institution, even in cities much larger than Boston."

During the year ending August, 1865, 5,324 persons signed the promise to obey the rules and received cards to take out books, making the whole number of signers 40,563. The whole number of books lent was 194,627, of which 184,256 were from the lower hall. The total circulation shows an increase of six per cent. from the previous year, while that of the upper, or Bates Hall, increased twenty-six, indicating, as the report says, "an improvement in the character of the circulation, that it is tending strongly to the more useful classes of books." The whole number of readers in the reading-room—an exceedingly attractive one, by the way—was 83,364, of whom 15,895 were females. The average daily circulation of books was 70,773, the largest number given out in one day was 1,464, the day being a Saturday. The total number of lendings was a little more than one for each volume, the number of volumes being only about 123,000; and, in addition, 13,000 volumes were used in Bates Hall for consultation, while 290,950 visits in all were made to the library for the purpose of reading, or of consulting, or of taking home books. A tabular classification as follows is given of the books taken from Bates Hall and used therein, there being an increase over the previous year in the use of books in the departments of American history, the fine arts and the useful arts, and the mathematical and physical sciences:

CLASSIFICATION.	PERCENTAGE.
Fine Arts and Useful Arts, . . . . .	16½
English History and Literature, . . . . .	13

CLASSIFICATION.	PERCENTAGE.
American History and Literature, . . . . .	10
Theology, Ethics, and Education, . . . . .	8½
Mathematical and Physical Sciences, . . . . .	7½
French History and Literature, . . . . .	6
Periodicals, . . . . .	6
Medicine, . . . . .	4½
Natural History, . . . . .	4½
Bibliography, . . . . .	3
General History and Literature, . . . . .	3
Greek and Latin Classics, . . . . .	3
German History and Literature, . . . . .	2½
Oriental History and Literature, . . . . .	2½
Transactions of Learned Societies, . . . . .	2½
Italian History and Literature, . . . . .	2
Jurisprudence, Government, Political Economy, . . . . .	2
Miscellaneous, . . . . .	¾

It is impossible to read these reports without recognizing and honoring the desire of the managing board that the library should be put to the freest and most general public use. Not the collection and conservation of books, not to acquire the largest library or the richest in the country, is their aim, but to go out into the very highways and hedges and compel persons to come in to their free intellectual feast. The pride of the trustees is juster than the mere local pride that often amuses great and careless New York. While congratulating themselves that learned men may resort to the library with profit, few libraries of its size in either hemisphere being so rich in some specialties, the chief pleasure of the trustees appears in the following sentences, which we cannot help quoting, and the last of which should be noted for its spirit: "The library was, as Mr. Everett has said in a previous report, simply the complement of our common school system, and, as such, was needed as its crowning grace in this city. Hereafter, the sneer has no weight here which says that the common school system affords a wide-spread but very superficial education to the masses, but that real learning is wholly neglected by it. . . . In the free circulation of the books in the lower hall there is no institution, so far as the undersigned know, comparable with it. They cannot but feel regret that the right to receive benefit from the institution, so far as the direct action of the city government is concerned, has not been extended beyond our own citizens; but a margin of discretion in this regard is permitted."

Now that the Common Council of this city have the matter of a free public library under consideration, we hope they will press it forward until this great and good object is accomplished. And if selfish motives must be urged, regenerating plans like these are the dictum of sheer self-interest, for the question is only another form of the old one—choose between paying for school-houses and paying for prisons. Commerce absolutely depends upon the fidelity of salaried young men; and it cannot secure that fidelity by merely paying them their regular stipend. If they fall, they will take their revenge by dragging down their employers; and, as matters now tend, the day seems near when every merchant must consider, in his calculation of risks, the chance of having a Jenkins at his own desk. When forgeries shall have destroyed all confidence in written signatures, business must cease; and the day when no trust can be reposed in salaried assistants will see the ruin of commerce.

In the next issue of THE ROUND TABLE will be given the concluding article of Mr. Dawson's series upon "The Book Clubs of America." The history of these clubs has never been written before, and we are sure that many of our readers will have new ideas of their importance. We do not remember more than a single instance in which a professional publisher has been as successful in the issue of small editions of "fine books" as these amateur clubs and their members have been. Even in the early case of "The Club's" editions of "Melvin's Journal" and "The Washington Diary" the palm rested with the amateurs, although such practiced booksellers as Messrs. John Campbell, of Philadelphia, and Charles B. Richardson, of New York, followed closely in their tracks with the same or similar works; and no "trade edition," no matter how small nor of what work, can show so splendid a record as the Bradford Club's "Hatfield and Deerfield," or Mr. Sargent's "Loyalist Poetry of the American Revolution," or Mr. Dawson's "Gen. Israel Putnam."

## LITERARIANA.

## AMERICAN.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON have lately published a curious volume bearing on the inexhaustible subject of Shakespeare's knowledge. That he was thoroughly conversant with the usages of the law, and was, probably, at one time a law student, has been shown by Lord Campbell, in his interesting little book devoted to this special branch of Shakespeariana. That he was not exactly the keeper of a mad-house, but thoroughly acquainted with madness in its various forms, is the thesis of the volume before us, which is entitled "Shakespeare's Delineations of Insanity, Imbecility, and Suicide." We have gone through it carefully and with the greatest interest, feeling certain that the writer, Dr. A. O. Kellogg, assistant physician in the State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, wrote with authority. We all have our ideas of the character of *Hamlet*—whether he was mad, or was merely playing a part to further his ends; we know what Schlegel thought, and Goethe, and the rest of the commentators, English and German; but we have never had before the opinion of an expert in these matters, such as Dr. Kellogg shows himself to be; and while we may be disposed to differ from him in some particulars, there can be no doubt but that his opinion as to the madness of *Hamlet* is of much greater weight than that of any mere critic of the character from an art-point of view. He thinks that *Hamlet* was really mad; that is, that his mind, which was naturally a diseased one, was so much shocked by his father's death, the indecent marriage of his mother, the appearance of his father's ghost, the tampering of *Polonius* with the affection of *Ophelia*—in other words, that the "burden of the mystery" which surrounded him on all sides, and from which there was no escape, overthrew his reason, partially at least, and at swift returning intervals. We have not the space to follow Dr. Kellogg point by point; enough that his reasoning appears to us conclusive. Besides *Hamlet*, he discusses, under the head of "Insane," *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Ophelia*, *Jaques*, and *Cordelia*, the latter chiefly in her relation to the madness of her father. What he says concerning these characters, though marked by scientific acuteness, is of much less general interest than his analysis of the "perturbed spirit" of *Hamlet*. Under the head of "Imbeciles" we have sketches of the whimsical individualities of *Bottom*, *Dogberry*, *Elbow*, *Shallow*, *Malvolio*, *Baroloph*, *Nym*, *Pistol*, *Launce*, and *Caliban*. Here we think Dr. Kellogg much less at home, and are disposed to question the truth of his conclusions, especially as regards *Malvolio* and *Caliban*. The estimation in which the former is held by his mistress proves, we think, that he is something more than the mere coxcomb which Dr. Kellogg considers him to be. The placing of *Othello* among the "suicides" does not satisfy us, in spite of his killing himself as he did; the analysis of his temperament, however, is as new in some respects as it is just. Altogether Dr. Kellogg has written a unique book, which must hereafter take its place in Shakespeare literature, and which we welcome gladly as an American contribution thereto.

THE initials attached to this fine sonnet, which are those of two of our best poets, explain the object of the sonnet itself, and tell the story of their friendship, as much at least of both as concerns the general reader:

TO B. T.

(WITH A COPY OF THE ILIAD.)

Bayard, awaken not this music strong,  
While round thy home the indolent sweet breeze  
Floats lightly as the summer breath of seas  
O'er which Ulysses heard the Sirens' song!  
Dreams of low-lying isles to June belong,  
And Circe holds us in her haunts of ease;  
But later, when these high ancestral trees  
Are sere, and such Odyssean languors wrong  
The reddening strength of the autumnal year,  
Yield to heroic words thine ear and eye:  
Intent on these broad pages thou shalt hear  
The trumpets blare, the Argive battle-cry,  
And see Achilles hurl his hurdling spear,  
And mark the Trojan arrows make reply.

CEDARCROFT, June.

E. C. S.

MESSRS. LEYPOLDT & HOLT, who are the American agents of the Tauchnitz series of "British Authors," have recently published among their late issues three works of fiction which are not likely to be republished by any of our publishers—"Faith Unwin's Ordeal," by Miss Georgiana M. Craik, author of "Lost and Won;" "Falkner Lyle," by Mark Lemon, the well-known humorous writer, who has long had the credit, such as it is, of editing *Punch*; and "Madame Fontenoy," by the author of "Mademoiselle Mori" and "Denise." Of the two first-mentioned, it is enough to say that, while they are not great books, they are much beyond the average run of novels of the day, Miss Craik writing with grace

and pathos and Mr. Lemon with a sort of careless freedom and robust good sense which we should have expected from him. "Madame Fontenoy" is one of those special studies of still-life, if we may be allowed the expression, for which its anonymous writer is noted, and of which "Denise" is perhaps her best specimen. Like that work, it displays her familiarity with French life and character—the life and character of the provinces rather than of Paris; but it is not so happy as a study thereof, from the fact of most of the scenes being laid in England. As a picture of home-life, we know of nothing superior to it outside of the pages of Miss Yonge, whose *forte* is domesticity; the portraits of the sick mother, the odd, sarcastic father, and the three sisters, Alice, Annette, and Helen, are skillfully drawn. Madame Fontenoy, of whom we soon lose sight, is, however, the motive of the story, over which her presence broods, and through which her influence extends, like a fate which must be satisfied. The excellences of "Madame Fontenoy" are remarkable, though far from striking, in the Braddon sense.

THERE is something charming, to our taste, in the graceful melody below

## THE DEATH OF THE DAY.

Near to his end is the weary Day,  
And the light of his face is fading away  
From the earth and skies:  
He was glad and strong when rose the sun,  
But now his work is well-nigh done;  
And his eyes  
He calmly closes, and softly sighs  
In the twilight gray:  
He sweetly sinks to his dreamless rest,  
As the sun's last smile illumines the West  
With a tender ray.  
Mournfully, slowly, comes the Night  
Over the crest of the eastern billow;  
Mournfully fall the tears of Eve;  
Mournfully droops the weeping willow.

The wings of Death are o'er him now,  
And shadows settle upon his brow:  
Hark! a sad, low moan  
Comes from the depths of the darkening trees;  
The night-birds' plain; and the restless breeze  
Hath a tone  
Like a mourner left all dreary and lone  
In this world below:  
And, dimly lighting his dusky bier,  
Like funeral-torches the stars appear,  
With a mystic glow.  
Mournfully, slowly, comes the Night  
Over the crest of the eastern billow;  
Mournfully fall the tears of Eve;  
Mournfully droops the weeping willow.

W. L. SHOEMAKER.

MESSRS. ASHMEAD & EVANS have recently published a blue-and-gold edition of that favorite volume of sacred verse, "The Christian Year." The death of its author, the Rev. John Keble, a month or two since, has drawn attention to it afresh, leading many of its old admirers back to its sweet, pure fountains of religious thought. Judged by a purely poetic standard, its claims are not high, ranking far below those of Herbert's sacred poems, and the crabbed but often felicitous effusions of Henry Vaughan, the Silurist. It lacks the earnestness of Watts and the Wesleys, and the gloom which broods like a nightmare over the hymns of Cowper. It is not easy, indeed, to fix its place in our literature; for while it is almost perfect in taste, it is certainly wanting in force, and, tender throughout, it nowhere shows any great marks of originality. Its predominant quality is sweetness. As we have already said, the death of its author has brought it forth from the quiet but assured popularity it has enjoyed for nearly forty years, and has subjected it to criticism anew. The *Spectator* has devoted several columns to it, in the shape of communications and replies, one of the latest of which contains the following paragraph in answer to the strictures of a correspondent who objected to Keble's poetry that it promulgated Semitic conceptions of the physical world:

"Not only all poets, but all men, except in a few scientific books, speak of natural phenomena in language derived from appearances, not from scientific verity. If 'E. V. N.' will look into any treatise on plane astronomy, for instance, he will find that the earth is regarded as being in the center of the heavenly sphere; the stars are regarded as passing over our heads, the sun as passing round the earth in his daily and yearly courses. It is only in treatises on the physical causes of these movements that the actual state of things is recognized; in all others it is more convenient to speak of things as they appear, rather than as they are. And if it is more convenient in most scientific treatises to speak of appearances than of realities, much more is the poet bound to use popular language; for he has to appeal to that range of thought and feeling which is common to man as man; it would be ruin to his power of exciting emotion to be always exciting the reasoning faculty. It is none of the poet's business to 'grapple with facts of existence as Aryan observation and reflection have now revealed them to us.' It is very doubtful whether a man is the better

poet for having mastered Herschel's 'Astronomy' and Lyell's 'Antiquity of Man'; certainly he would be much the worse if he learned to speak a language only intelligible to students of physical science. Mr. Keble was himself a first-class man in mathematics, as well as in 'Literæ Humaniores,' and was no doubt aware of the true theory of the movements of the heavenly bodies, but he was too good a poet to let this appear in his poetry. The language of poetry must necessarily be, as some one has called it, *optical*—taken from, not contradicting, the senses; popular, not scientific. I have no doubt that Keble himself, who was an imaginative person, continued to speak of the 'heaven above him,' even after his full recognition of the fact that the earth is one of the heavenly bodies."

A RELIC of the great war now so happily over comes to us from the South, which, we think, has done itself more credit in battle than in song. Of this fact, however, if it be one, we shall be better judges when Mr. William Gilmore Simms shall have published his intended collection of Southern war poems. In the meantime, we commend this touching waif to our readers:

## CHRISTMAS NIGHT OF '63.

I.

The wintry blast goes wailing by,  
The snow is falling overhead,  
I hear the lonely sentry's tread,  
And distant watch-fires light the sky.

II.

Dim forms go flitting through the gloom,  
The soldiers cluster round the blaze  
To talk of other Christmas days,  
And softly speak of home and home.

III.

My saber swinging overhead  
Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,  
While fiercely drives the blinding snow,  
And Memory leads me to the dead.

IV.

My thoughts go wand'ring to and fro,  
Vibrating 'twixt the now and then:  
I see the low-browed home agen,  
The old hall wreathed with mistletoe.

V.

And sweetly from the far-off years  
Comes borne the laughter faint and low,  
The voices of the long ago—  
My eyes are wet with tender tears.

VI.

I feel again the mother-kiss,  
I see again the glad surprise  
That lightened up the tranquil eyes,  
And brimmed them o'er with tears of bliss.

VII.

As, rushing from the old hall-door,  
She fondly clasp'd her wayward boy,  
Her face all radiant with the joy  
She felt to see him home once more.

VIII.

My saber swinging on the bough  
Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,  
While fiercely drives the blinding snow  
Aeant upon my sadden'd brow.

IX.

Those cherished faces all are gone  
Asleep within the quiet graves,  
Where lies the snow in drifting waves,  
And I am sitting here alone.

X.

There's not a comrade here to-night  
But knows that loved ones far away,  
On bended knees, this night will pray:  
"God bring our darling from the fight."

XI.

But there are none to wish me back,  
For me no yearning prayers arise,  
The lips are mute and closed the eyes,  
My home is in the bivouac.

GORDON M'CABE.

NEAR RICHMOND, Dec., 1862.

BISHOP HOPKINS, of Vermont, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding day on the 6th of June. Quite a number of persons well known in the literary and musical world were included among the fifty-eight descendants present. The bishop presented each guest with an elegant volume comprising his autobiography. The exercises were unusually interesting, being varied with a number of pleasant episodes—literary, musical, and social.

## FOREIGN.

THE conductors of English periodicals are much more careful in the matter of personalities than their brethren in this country, often absurdly so, as it seems to us. A case in point occurred in a late number of *All the Year Round* in a sketch entitled "Our Suburban Residence," which contained the following passage:

"The third doctor in our suburban village may be termed a dissenter from the rules of the profession; he is a homeopathic practitioner, and professes to cure all maladies with invisible globules and subtle essences. None of us believe in this gentleman's system, though we are forced to confess that he has certainly wrought cures some of which are, to say the least of them, very extraordinary. The name of this practitioner is Zeller.

He is a German, and a very firm believer in the theories of the apostle of homeopathy. But, to fill up his time and to keep his pocket from being empty, he has set up a home for orphans, which is maintained by public subscription, and of which he has constituted himself secretary, medical attendant, surgeon, superintendent, and all the various offices of such an institution rolled into one. Not that his emoluments are very large. When everything is told, his combined salaries are under, rather than over, three hundred a year."

Two or three weeks later there appeared in *All the Year Round* this editorial:

"[A representation has been made to us that the article entitled 'Our Suburban Residence' (see No. 365) is not pure fiction, as it purported to be, and as we believed it to be, but has in it some coloring of distorted fact, calculated to misrepresent and injure an amiable and useful gentleman. We believe this representation to be strictly true, and we profoundly regret the publication of the article, though no editor can possibly guard himself at all times against such deception. In making this reparation for our own innocent part in the wrong done, we publish the author's letter on the subject.]"

Then follows the author's letter, which is certainly a literary curiosity:

"TO THE CONDUCTOR OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND:

"DEAR SIR: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your communication informing me that Dr. Laserson, of Upper Edmonton, has taken exception to a paragraph in the article entitled 'Our Suburban Residence,' published in No. 365 of your journal, dated the 21st of April last, of which unlucky article I am the writer, and which you accepted and published as a piece of fiction.

"Dr. Laserson considering himself satirized or aimed at in that paragraph, under the mask of a certain imaginary personage called Zeller, I have no hesitation in avowing that I am exceedingly sorry for it. I never intended to impute any fraudulent conduct or motives even to that purely mythical personage; far less to Dr. Laserson, whom I never saw in my life, and with whom I never held any communication whatever, direct or otherwise.

"Though conscious under these circumstances of the impossibility of my having been actuated by any malevolent feeling toward Dr. Laserson, I still deeply regret to have given him offense, and I hope he will accept my apology for having unfortunately done so, as freely and fully as I hereby offer it.

"I do not seek to make reparation by halves, and I feel that I have no right to object to my apology being published. I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE

"'OUR SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.'"

It is difficult to understand how such a note could appear in a periodical edited by a professed satirist like Dickens, an author who does not hesitate to show up the foibles of his friends and acquaintances, and who maintains that he has a right to do so on art grounds. Certainly no American editor would have printed it, containing as it does on the part of the writer a profession of entire ignorance of the existence of the person who supposed himself caricatured. Mr. Dickens, however, appears to be more politic, compelling his contributors to eat humble pie of which he himself would not even break the crust. Dr. Laserson ought to be satisfied with his easy victory.

The cave of Belarius mentioned by Shakespeare in "Cymbeline" is identified by Mr. J. D. Mason, of Tenby, with Hoyle's cave, near that town. He says that the description of both caves agree in their distance from Milford Haven, situation with regard to the sea, and capability of harboring outlaws.

*L'Europe* tells the following story of a favorite comedy, which may or may not be true:

"They played at New York a comedy in two acts called 'Used Up.' One of our countrymen, a literary man, passing through America, found the work well balanced, cleverly written—indeed, every way charming. Counting on a success of at least one hundred representations, he procured the pamphlet, and translated it faithfully—presented himself on his return to Paris at the house of the autocrat of one of our theaters *de genre*, manuscript in pocket, and obtained, by virtue of his title as friend of the house, an immediate reading. At the second scene, however, the manager stopped him. 'Pardon, dear friend, *la plaisanterie ne manque pas de sel*; but I think it is useless to pursue it.' 'What do you mean?' 'You are reading to me "l'Homme Blasé" of Duvert et Lauzanne.'"

AMONG recent deaths was that of the Rev. Francis Mahony, better known as "Father Prout," from a series of papers originally contributed by him to "Fraser's Magazine." Father Mahony quarreled with his church, which was that of Rome, many years ago, and ever since was a bitter opponent of the Pope in his temporal capacity. The last years of his life were spent in Paris, whence he wrote daily letters to the *Globe* newspaper, in London—such letters as only a well-educated, disappointed Irishman could write. They are spoken of as being always short and pithy, never dull, and sometimes containing a bitter spice of wit. The literary labors by which he is likely to be best known are his celebrated "Prout Papers," which, we believe, have never been reprinted in this country. They contain the finest of all

his songs, if, indeed, not the finest Irish song of modern times, "The Bells of Shandon." Father Mahony was sixty-two at the time of his death.

A BERLIN banker named Jaques recently purchased the score of Mozart's "Zauberflöte" for eleven hundred francs, and presented it to the Royal Library, a piece of liberality on his part which drew from the King of Prussia for him the order of the Red Eagle of the fourth class.

THE French Academy of Sciences lately came into the possession of an interesting relic, in the shape of a copy of the "Memoirs of Lagrange," in eight volumes, which formerly belonged to D'Alembert, by whom it was given to Condorcet. From the latter it passed into the hands of Biot, who presented the work some ten years since to M. Bour, professor at the Ecole Polytechnique, who, dying lately, directed during his last illness that it should be placed at the disposal of the Academy of Sciences.

A LONDONER, who lives in St. John's Wood, claims to have a portrait of Milton, recently discovered, which was painted by the poet himself. It is news to us that Milton ever painted in oils, or even drew in crayons, though the last may have been among his many accomplishments. Charles Lamb speaks in his letters of a brother of his being in possession of a Milton portrait, which *may* be the one mentioned above. If there is any person in England who can authenticate it, it is Prof. Masson, who has been for years engaged upon a "Life of Milton," of which only the first volume, a bulky octavo of some six or seven hundred pages, has yet appeared. For ourselves, we have no more faith in portraits of Milton than we have in those of Shakespeare, of which some thirty or forty were exhibited at the Tercentenary at Stratford.

MR. SYDNEY DOBELL has the following sonnet in a late number of the *Athenæum*, the purpose of which is not very clear, though it appears to be a laudation of Miss Hosmer, the sculptor:

TO AN AMERICAN EMBASSY.

Since sovereign nature, at the happy best,  
Is rightful and sole paragon of art,  
Who, tho' she but in part, and part by part,  
Paints, carves, or sings the whole, is still possess  
By thee, all thee, oh somewhere unconquest  
Apollo! in the worlds of men who art  
A man, and, with a human body and heart,  
Looker her visible truths, and livest the rest;  
Surely that strategy was well design'd  
Which, laying siege to Art's proud capital,  
Armed not, against her matchless pow'r—that be,  
Music, painting, sculpture, poetry,  
But sent a living womanhood of all  
To queen, by their own laws, the masters of mankind.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

THE South African collections of the late Gordon Cumming are announced for sale by public auction in London.

THE death of Dr. Barth, the African traveler, towards the close of last year, has not interrupted the publication of his "Vocabularies of Central Africa," since the third section of it has just been published, in the shape of a quarto volume of between one and two hundred pages, which is devoted to "Nouns Substantive."

MRS. ALFRED GATTY, a favorite writer for children in England, has just started a juvenile periodical under the name of "Aunt Judy's Magazine." The May number contains a pretty poem entitled

SHELTER.

By the wide lake's margin I marked her lie—  
The wide, weird lake where the rushes sigh—  
A fair young thing, with a shy, soft eye;  
And I deemed that her thoughts had flown  
To her home, and her brethren, and sisters dear,  
As she lay there, watching the dark, deep mere,  
All motionless, all alone.  
Then I heard a noise, as of men and boys,  
And a bolsterous troop drew nigh,  
Whither now will retreat those fairy feet?  
Where hide till the storm pass by?  
One glance—the wild glance of a hunted thing—  
She cast behind her; she gave one spring;  
And there followed a splash and a broadening ring  
On the lake where the rushes sigh.

She had gone from the ken of ungentle men!  
Yet scarce did I mourn for that,  
For I knew she was safe in her own home then,  
And, the danger past, would appear again,  
For she was a water-rat!

ONE of the English weeklies has lately been overhauling its childish recollections, as Captain Cuttle would say, of the beautiful old poem, "My Mother," and asking the Laureate to try his hand at a correction of one verse which is objectionable to its mature tastes. This proceeding has drawn forth the following note from its venerable authoress:

"Allow me to thank your correspondent of last Saturday for both his praise and blame; I am grateful

for one, and confess to the other, in his notice of a little poem, 'My Mother,' of which I was the author it may be something more than sixty years ago! I see now so much as he does, though *not in all its implications*, that, should another edition pass through the press, I will take care that the offending verse shall be omitted; or, as I may hope (without troubling the Laureate), replaced. I have regarded our good old theologian, Dr. Watts, as nearly our only predecessor in verses for children; and his name—a name I revere—I may perhaps plead in part, though not so far as to accept now what did not strike me as objectionable then. There has been an illustrated edition of our 'Original Poems' recently published by Mr. Virtue, and I am sorry to see it retained there; but, as still the living author, I have sufficient right to expunge it. Possibly you may have heard the names of Ann and Jane Taylor, of whom I am the *Ann*; and remain, yours, etc.

ANN GILBERT.

"COLLEGE HILL, Nottingham, May 15, 1866."

The aged writer substitutes the following verse for the "offending member" of the poem:

"For could our Father in the skies  
Look down with pleased or loving eyes  
If I could ever dare despise  
My Mother?"

A LATE number of the *Reader* contains a paper on the life, work, and character of Edgar Allan Poe, as noticeable for critical acumen as for what we cannot but think an utter want of charity towards his failings:

"Imagine Beckford without money, and you have Poe. If intellects of a high order are capable of attaining, under favorable circumstances, a moral excellence which seldom falls to the lot of ordinary mankind, the dangers which they incur in an untoward state of things are, on the other hand, pre-eminently great. A boy who is gifted with no extraordinary abilities runs far less risk of evincing in his after life traces of the corrupting influences by which his youth may have been surrounded than one who is possessed of brilliant talents and a fervid imagination. The life of an Edgar Poe furnishes a fair comment on this view. The 'victim of circumstances' is too generally the expression of a false philanthropy; but it would be difficult to conceive of conditions more unfavorable than those in the midst of which the boyhood of this gifted American was passed."

The writer then presents a sketch of Poe's inner life, of which he, of course, could know nothing, taking for "gospel truth" the highly imaginative statements of the late Rufus W. Griswold, who was, if not Poe's enemy, certainly not his friend:

"Edgar Poe was consistent in all he did; whether we see him quarreling with his guardian, or losing himself in dreams of ecstasy and love—whether we watch him in his fits of study or debauch—whether he loves to bury himself in retirement, or hurries off to join in the liberation of Greece—he is essentially the same; there is before us the same undisciplined mind, the same utter abandonment to self. Such a character is no extraordinary one; the gifts which accompanied it can alone cause it to appear strange. Edgar Poe was simply a willful, impulsive man, who, when his errors caused his fall, loved to represent himself as the victim of misinterpretation and wrong."

Then follows a criticism on Poe's poems, which strikes us as close in the main:

"In all these outbursts of passionate sorrow there is a deficiency of true sentiment. We feel as we read them that they are essentially unreal. Beautiful as the language in which they are clothed is, musical as is the rhythm of the lines, there is a something wanting. They come altogether from the head; and with them the heart has nothing to do. We can see that each word has long been weighed before it has been written, that idea has been balanced against idea; but this is all. We are not listening to the utterance of a heart's agony. We are reminded of some structure of exquisitely-shaped crystals, tinged with a thousand prismatic hues, but which in spite of its beauty is formal and hard. Nothing could be more perfect than 'Annabel Lee,' but nothing could be more artificial. Poe has been more than once accused of plagiarism, but without any sufficient reason. That he was very strikingly original is not, perhaps, less untrue. When he succeeds in reaching novelty it is only after a painful effort, and the throes and toils of his mind are too apparent in the result. He was always ready to avail himself of any hints. It is more than probable that the 'Raven' was suggested by one of the concluding lines in Mrs. Browning's poem of 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship'; and as much was hinted to Poe by some friend. The result was that within a week an article, 'The Philosophy of Composition,' in which he gives a minute account of the genesis of the poem, appeared."

Poe's prose comes in for a share of the critic's animadversions, which are too long for our purpose. The summing up of Poe as a man is as follows:

"It is difficult to say what would have been the result had Edgar Poe in his youth received a careful mental and moral training; or what change, had his life been prolonged, his mind and writings might have undergone. His friends appear to have loved him as deeply as his enemies hated him. Of good qualities he was not destitute, but all were subordinate to a transcendent selfishness. A child when hurt loses itself in feeble paroxysms of uncalculating anger against the object, whether animate or inanimate, that has given it pain; and in this way Edgar Poe was a child through all his life. There are some persons whom affliction cannot soften, but ren

ders the more stubborn, and he was one. In his character there is nothing mysterious or inexplicable, and his writings reflect his life. All that he saw or felt was through the medium of self. In his poetry, as in all his other productions, there is much that we may well admire for extraordinary ingenuity, but nothing that can excite our sympathies or raise our love."

These be hard words, and many of them are unjust, we think; but they are gentlemanly beside the brutal flings of Gilfillan, who called Poe "a swine of genius," and tender beside the malignant apologies of Dr. Griswold.

THERE are pleasant singers among the younger English poets, as witness this love song by Sebastian Evans, one of the least known of the number:

#### VOICES.

Our star shines out in the West,  
And a mist floats up from the sea,  
Floats up by the brook while the wind is still  
In the leaves of the linden tree.  
All 's still as we sit in the still moonshine  
In the bracken up to the knee,  
Save the beat of a heart that beats to mine,  
And the beat of a heart that beats to thine,  
Dear love!  
A heart that beats to thine.

A voice goes down with the brook,  
And a voice comes up from the shore,  
But they whisper a sweeter tale to-night  
Than ever they whispered before.  
They have wept and sighed, but never like this  
Were the sighs and the tears of yore:  
For they weep, but the tears are the tears of bliss;  
They sigh—'tis the sigh in a lover's kiss,  
Dear love!  
The sigh in a lover's kiss.

Equally charming is this trifle from the same pen:

#### CROCUS GATHERING.

Come, gather the crocus cups with me,  
And dream of the summer coming;  
Saffron, and purple, and snowy white,  
All awake to the first bee's humming.

The white is there for the maiden's heart,  
And the purple is there for sorrow;  
The saffron is there for the true, true love,  
And they 'll all be dead to-morrow.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. LEYFOLDT & HOLT have nearly ready "Crumbs from The Round Table," the gastronomic and piscatorial essays of Joseph Barber.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON have in press "The Miscellaneous Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne, author of 'Chastelard,'" etc.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. will publish seven volumes for the Sanitary Commission, being the complete chronicle of its history and doings.

BAKER, VOORHIS & Co. have nearly ready Judge Daly's Common Pleas Reports—"Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York;" by Charles P. Daly, LL.D., first judge; 1 vol. 8vo, \$6 50. Also nearly ready: "Cases in Prize in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States for the Southern District of New York, decided by Mr. Justice Nelson and Judge Betts, during the Rebellion, 1861-1865;" reported by Samuel Blatchford, Esq.; 1 large octavo vol.

#### NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE communications which we are in the habit of receiving from all parts of the country asking information on various subjects, mostly literary, and which we have from time to time answered, have induced us to set apart a portion of THE ROUND TABLE for their reception. We cannot promise to print all such communications, nor to answer them, the majority being without point, and our reading, of course, limited. Whatever seems to us, however, worthy of consideration shall from time to time appear, with such answers as our own knowledge or that of our correspondents may enable us to furnish. It rests with the latter to make this department of THE ROUND TABLE the most unique in any literary journal ever published in America.

A CORRESPONDENT gossips in this fashion on

#### ENGLISH SURNAMES:

Several years ago, in England, the writer of this was thrown one rainy day upon an old number of the *Times* and a 'Clergy List' as his sole resources to while away the time. After sundry perusals of the former, he was obliged to take to the latter; and, much to his astonishment, it proved the more interesting of the two, as it

contained many surnames strange and curious in themselves, but particularly so to American ears.

Looking for the name of a clerical friend that began with B, he lighted on the name of 'Blower,' followed at a short distance by that of 'Brownjohn,' and the idea at once suggested itself of noting the strange surnames to be found in the work. The result was amusing and interesting, and he proposes to lay it before your readers. 'Allgood' and 'Allday' were the only striking names under A. B was more prolific; for among the not uncommon 'Barnes,' 'Bulls,' and 'Burs,' were to be found 'Badcocks' and 'Bastards' and the aforesaid 'Blower' and 'Brownjohn,' together with 'Bolster' and 'Badham.' C yielded nothing; and 'Digweed,' 'Dance,' and 'Dancer' were the only contributions from the fourth letter. E and F were silent. 'Golgithy' began the Gs, followed by 'Good,' upon which was rung the changes of 'Goodacre,' 'Goodall,' 'Goodchild,' 'Goodday,' 'Goodden,' and 'Good-enough.' H was both profane and improper, 'Hellyar' not being a reverential mode of familiarly addressing one's parson, and 'Hugall' a clerical characteristic which the laity will willingly see omitted. But there was some sweetness too in H, as 'Honey' and 'Hunnybun' both testified. I and J presented no salient points. K gives an idea of domestic comfort in 'Kettle,' and in 'Kitecat' suggests a club or a picture. 'Nihil' is a painful remembrance of our Latin grammar days. 'Oldacres' and 'Oldfield' are pleasant reminders of landed possessions; 'Oldham' is not so agreeable; 'Oldknow' is indicative of wisdom; and the flavor of 'Onion' may or may not be pleasant. 'Peach' and 'Pear' are fruity, but an over-indulgence in either may induce a call upon 'Potticary.' 'Popkiss' is affectionate. 'Ram' is short and pithy. S presents the strange array of 'Sanctuary,' 'Self,' 'Sheepshanks,' 'Smelt,' 'Snody,' 'Snowball,' and 'Squibb.' 'Tarbut,' 'Tardy,' and 'Tudball' are curious; 'Two-penny' is insignificant, while 'Twentyman' is majestic; 'Trees' are shady; 'Tiffin' recalls that frolicsome youth, Jos. Sedley; 'Tooth' squints at the dental profession; 'Totty' sounds like a nursery endearment; and 'Twice-day' is oftener than our parson favors us with calls. 'Warcup' sounds ferocious; 'Wardrops' and 'Weldon' are more mild; 'Winpenny' looks like a gambler, while 'Whitelegg' appears to be the reverse; 'Witty' suggests a pun; 'Woodcock' is swampy; while 'Woolcock' is not very suggestive. 'Yard' speaks of the shop; 'Yellowby' would seem to be jaundiced, let us hope, however, not at the happiness of 'Younghusband.'

Other peculiar names subsequently fell under the writer's observation in England. 'Gotabed' is a London upholsterer, and 'Christian Hellman' (a strange contradiction) is a merchant; 'Plume and Feathers' were Bristol milliners. A parish in Devon rejoiced in four curates bearing the respective names of 'Lamb,' 'Wolfe,' 'Hogg,' and 'Wildboare,' and a most accomplished person who had the ill-favored name of 'Pineocoffin.' DE L.

THE communication below corrects a mistake which was lately committed by a number of English journals which should have been well-informed in the matter:

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Several usually well-informed journals are blundering by attributing to Lord Glenelg, who died last month at Cannes, France, the authorship of the well-known hymn,

"When gathering clouds around I view,"

and various sacred poems, written by his brother, Sir Robert Grant. The Rev. William Belcher, D.D., author of "Historical Sketches of Hymns, their Writers, and their Influence," commits the same inexcusable blunder. For the benefit of the reverend gentleman, and all others concerned, I would state that the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Grant, governor of Bombay, was born in the county of Inverness, in the year 1785. With his elder brother, Charles, the late Lord Glenelg, he was entered at Magdalen College, in the University of Cambridge, of which they both became fellows. He was graduated with the highest honors, and, adopting the profession of the law, was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, January 30, 1807. In 1813 he published a pamphlet entitled "The Expediency of Continuing the System by which the Trade and Government of India are now Regulated" and, also, "A Sketch of the East India Company from its First Foundation to the Passing of the Regulation Act of 1773." He was subsequently appointed to the office of king's sergeant in the duchy of Lancaster, and was made one of the commissioners of bankruptcy. In 1826 he was elected to Parliament for the Inverness district of burghs, and in 1830 he was re-elected for Norwich, England. When his brother became president of the board of control, he was appointed one of the commissioners. In 1831, Sir Robert was sworn a privy counselor, and the year following he received the appointment of governor of Bombay, and continued in the discharge of his important duties until July 9, 1838, when he expired at Dapoorie, in his fifty-third year. An elegant volume, entitled "Sacred Poems, by Sir Robert Grant," was published by Lord Glenelg, soon after his brother's death. The preface says: "Many of these have already appeared in print, either in periodical publications, or in collections of sacred poetry; but a few are now published for the first time." Among the best known of his beautiful compositions are "The Brooklet," "Litany," and "Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?" W.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: The allusion in the line of Tennyson, which your correspondent "M. E. D." asks about,

"—her who knew that love can conquer death"—

is to Eleanor, the queen of Edward I., of England. Fulvia, as you suggest, was the wife of Antony.

In a recent ROUND TABLE I see a translation of Heine's "Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam." The following—a

juvenile attempt of my own—is a closer rendering of the lyric, though it may have no other merit:

"A fir-tree stands alone  
On the cold northern height;  
It sleeps; the snow o'erhangs  
A canopy of white.

"It dreameth of a palm  
Which, far in Eastern land,  
Lonely and silent mourns  
Amid the burning sand."

There is a poem by Milnes (Lord Houghton) which is singularly like this of Heine's, if it was not suggested by it:

"Beneath an Indian palm a girl  
Of other blood reposes;  
Her cheek is clear and pale as pearl,  
Amid that wild of roses.

"Beside a northern pine a boy  
Is leaning fancy-bound,  
Nor listens where with noisy joy  
Awaits the impatient hound.

"Cool grows the sick and feverish calm,  
Relaxed the frosty twine—  
The pine-tree dreameth of the palm,  
The palm-tree of the pine.

"As soon shall nature interlace  
Those dimly-visions boughs,  
As these young lovers face to face  
Renew their early vows!"

Milnes appears to have been acquainted with Heine, for in the same volume in which the above appeared, in 1840, we find a translation of one of his poems, "A Vision." R.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 4, 1866.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Can you tell me where may be found:

"So prayed the Psalmist to be free  
From mortal cares and earthly thrall;  
And such, or soon, or late, must be,  
Full oft, the heart-breathed prayer of all?"

Also,

"Rest was the wearied merchant's prayer,  
Who plowed, at night, the Ægean wave?"

READER.

June 5, 1866.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: In your paper of 19th inst. is a communication from W. H. F. on the origin of the saying "He will never set the Thames on fire." Concerning the explanation there given, the chief question with your correspondent seems to be whether "temse" is or ever has been used as synonymous with "sieve." On that point I presume there cannot be much room for doubt. The word is given with this meaning in all the dictionaries, and is not unfrequently found in English books, both singly and in compounds, such as temse-loaf, temsing-chamber, etc. It is the same as the French *tamis*, a sieve, and indeed the French form was sometimes retained in English, as is seen by the following from Holland's "Pliny": "Divers sorts of sieves and boulders there be. The sarce, made of horse hair, was a device of the Frenchmen; the *tamis* raunger for coarse bread, as also the fine flour boulder for manchet (made both of linen cloth), the Spaniards invented." "Tammy" is another form of the same word sometimes used with a shade of difference in the meaning, as this citation from Dyer will show:

"Every airy woof, cheyne, and baise, and serge, and alepine tammy, and crape."

Bailey's definition of tammy is peculiar: "A sort of thin transparent stuff, to trace the outlines of a picture through." I have no example at hand that sustains this definition.

There are other forms of the word, but they all have one fundamental meaning, that of *sifter* or *strainer*.

Yours, respectfully,

HENRY S. DANA.

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT, May 30, 1866.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, June 11, 1866.

THERE is nothing local of sufficient interest to demand special notice this week, and, taking advantage of this, I shall write to you about the late Frank Mahony, who was the veritable Father Prout of "Fraser's Magazine" over thirty years ago. The Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, or, J. B. O'Meagher, himself a Cork man, whose salary is larger than that of the United States Secretary of State, with the addition of a handsomely furnished house in one of the best parts of Paris, writing on Monday, May 21, briefly reported, "Mr. Francis Mahony, for several years past the Parisian correspondent of the *Globe* (London), died here on Saturday." The *Morning Star*, Mr. John Bright's London organ, announced his death at the same time, with a brief sketch of Mahony's career, and described the deceased as "one of the most accomplished scholars, one of the witty and most brilliant writers, and one of the most genial men of his day." The biographical records of Mahony are brief and not very correct. Redfield's "Men of the Time," 1853, spells his surname wrong, and makes him born "in Ireland, about 1800." The "New American Cyclopedia," 1861, states

his birth to be "about 1805," and the new edition (1865) of the "Men of the Time" guesses at the same date. He is not mentioned in Vapereau's "Dictionnaire des Contemporains," in Didot's "Nouvelle Biographie Générale," in "Chambers's Encyclopedia," nor yet in Griffin's "Dictionary of Contemporary Biography." Some notice of him has probably appeared in the London literary journals—*Spectator*, *Athenæum*, *Reader*, and *London Review*—but these have not yet come to hand, and the recollections of Mahony which I shall string together here will be necessarily in advance and independent of biographical sketches which, at this moment, are to me like the Spanish fleet in "The Critic"—not to be seen because not yet in sight.

As to the place of his birth there is no mistake, no doubt. Francis Mahony was born in Cork, and, according to the old Millerism, which he often repeated, "had seen a great many drawings of it." In a note to his song on the well-known ballad of "The Shandon Bells" he eulogizes the spire of Shandon church as "a prominent object from whatever side the traveler approaches our beautiful city;" adding "in a vault at its foot sleep some generations of the writer's kith and kin." As to the date of his birth, I am inclined to put it back so as to make him not much, if at all, junior to Dr. Maginn, his townsman, who was born in 1793, and would therefore have now been 73 years old, if living. When the writer of this, then in his teens, was serving his time with an apothecary in Cork—a matter of some forty-two years back—he first saw the Rev. Francis Mahony. As the rule in the Catholic Church is not to ordain any one until he has completed the full age of 23, and as Mr. Mahony had been in orders at that time for several years, he probably was twenty-nine or thirty years old, and must have been 73, or thereabouts, at his death.

He was trained to a knowledge of Greek and Latin in a school at Cork. Thence he went to a Jesuit college at Paris, where he became thoroughly familiar with French literature. He was considered such a good scholar and such a promising man that he was sent from the Sorbonne to Rome, where he was admitted to holy orders at the age of twenty-five, and soon after returned to Cork. Here he appeared to have a fine career before him. The Catholic Bishop of Cork at that time was the Rev. Dr. Murphy, a genial gentleman with great taste for general literature and master of one of the finest libraries in the South of Ireland. He welcomed young Mahony as a congenial if younger pilgrim in the same field, and endeavored to retain him on clerical duty in Cork. Francis Mahony, full of life and spirit, and accustomed to the freedom of continental life, was not a particularly hard-working Catholic curate, and longed for "fresh fields and pastures new" in a wider sphere of action. Maginn and Crofton Croker, whom he knew, had gone to London, where both were doing well. Maclise was about following them, beginning that splendid career which has culminated in his being the best of living Irish artists. Banim and Griffin were also doing well—making reputation if not much money; and Francis Stack Murphy, the good bishop's nephew, a young gentleman some years his junior and a highly accomplished scholar, was about making his future home in England, his intention being to go to the English bar—a purpose which he carried out, obtaining large practice as a barrister, taking the legal rank of sergeant of law, representing the city of Cork for many years, and finally settling down as judge of the Insolvency Court in London.

Leaving Cork, which he never again revisited, Mahony commenced the career of man of letters in London, under the wing of Dr. Maginn, who was then one of the editors of *The Standard*, an ultra-tory evening paper established about the time that Peel and Wellington staved off a civil war in Ireland by granting Catholic emancipation. That was early in 1829. Maginn's connection with "Blackwood's Magazine," in which he had first "fleshed his maiden pen," had nearly ended by this time; but, at the close of 1829, he went heartily into the project of establishing "Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country," the first number of which appeared in February, 1830, attracting immediate attention and securing great pecuniary success. For nearly thirteen years (almost to his death, in fact) Maginn had voice potential in this periodical, on which he freely employed such of his immediate friends as were able to write and wanted payment for writing. Among these was Mahony (now scarcely known as "the reverend," so completely had he ignored his clerical status) and, somewhat later, W. M. Thackeray. He never had to complain of coldness or ingratitude from Mahony; but his friends complained that Thackeray, after his death, treated him unworthily by caricaturing him as Captain Shandon, the venal, hard-living editor—whereas, whatever Maginn's

faults, no money could purchase his pen to write against his principles.

Among the many contributors whom Maginn, least jealous of men, collected as the writing corps for "Fraser's Magazine," perhaps the most learned, best informed, and most available was Francis Mahony. He wrote with great readiness, and with much rapidity when time pressed or he was master of his subject. He could dash off poetry, original or translated, with the ease of an improvisatore. He had read everything, it seemed, and remembered, at the very moment when he wanted it, most of what he had read. He had resided for many years in Paris and in Rome. He knew three dead languages, and could speak and write English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish. For some time he did not particularly attract attention in "Fraser," until in the number for April, 1834, appeared "Father Prout's Apology for Lent: his Death, Obsequies, and an Elegy," which at once was noticed, by the press at large, as something very much out of the common. This paper concluded with a curious rhyming Latin elegy on Father Prout, with a free translation into verse. In the following month appeared "Father Prout's Plea for Pilgrimages, and hospitable reception of Sir Walter Scott when he visited the Blarney Stone," and in this was introduced the celebrated polyglot version of "The Groves of Blarney."

The new series, universally known as "The Prout Papers," appeared, with only a single intermission, in "Fraser," every month from April, 1834, to October, 1835, making seventeen papers in all, and concluding with a Latin version of "John Anderson, my Jo!" which was declared to have been written by the Admirable Crichton in that learned tongue, and put into Scotch-English by some later hand.

In 1836 appeared a couple of neat 12mo volumes, published by Fraser, entitled "The Reliques of Father Prout, late Parish Priest of Watergraphill, in the County of Cork, Ireland, and illustrated and lamp-lighted by Alfred Croquis, Esq." One of the attractions of "Fraser's Magazine" was a "gallery of literary characters," of the semi-caricature class, drawn by Maclise under the name of Croquis, with an octavo page of letter-press, usually more satirical than biographical, generally struck off in a heat, at the last moment, by Maginn. The illustrations of "The Reliques" were original, and consisted of The First Planting of the Potato in Ireland, Frank Mahony and Father Prout at an Irish Dinner, The Burial of Prout, Sir Walter Scott Kissing the Blarney Stone, Scott Dining with Prout and his Friends, A Tale of a Churn, The Rogueries of Tom Moore, Henry O'Brien on his Death-bed, Vert-vert Swearing in the Nunnery, First Planting of the Vine in Gaul, Maclise Wooing L. E. L. in the Moonlight, The Old Woman in Béranger's "Souvenirs du Peuple" Telling her Children about Napoleon's Visit, The Night before Larry was Stretched, Béranger's Garret, The Wine Cup Bespoken, He Dieth and is Chested (portrait of Francis Mahony), The Gift of Venus, and a sketch worthy of the pencil of Etty, The Mandarin Robing Venus. These two volumes soon became scarce; but, in 1860, Mahony, then living in Paris, prepared a new and revised edition which, while it contained much written since 1836, also omitted many parts of the original. Neither did it contain some "Songs of the Month" which he had contributed to "Bentley's Miscellany" in 1837, nor the "Inauguration Ode," addressed to Thackeray, which he published in the first number of the "Cornhill Magazine." In this new edition, published by H. G. Bohn, London, the whole of Maclise's etchings above named were given, with some lithographed sketches and portraits from "Fraser" which are worthy of future particular notice.

Not long after the publication of the collective edition of the "Prout Papers," Mr. Mahony was appointed head of the Catholic college at Malta, an office for which his learning eminently qualified him. But a report had reached the Vatican that he had lived unclerically in London, "with one fair spirit for his minister," and Pope Gregory XVI. refused to confirm the nomination, whereby he made Mahony an enemy to the Papacy in later years. Mahony, instead of returning to England, went on a tour to the East, remained there for some years, became editor of the *Globe* when he came back, went to Rome, in 1847, at the request of Dickens, as correspondent of the *Daily News*, continued there all through the revolution and the republic, and finally, returning in 1849, collected his letters, which were strongly political, popular, and anti-papal, and booked them as "Facts and Figures from Italy."

The last years of Mr. Mahony's life were passed in Paris, where he amused rather than employed himself as correspondent of the *Globe*, writing short letters—giving very little exclusive news, but full of oddity, fun,

scholarship, and translations into all languages from authors, in prose and verse, whom he invented! Latterly he had aged in appearance and had become slovenly in his dress, besides taking an immense quantity of snuff in a scattering manner. He continued to write within a fortnight of his death. I have said so much about him, personally, that I must reserve some account of his "Prout" writings for next week. R. S. M.

## LONDON.

LONDON, May 26, 1866.

## THE CARNIVAL OF CRIME.

A MAN recently—if very strong circumstantial evidence is to be believed—committed a cruel murder at Perth, in Scotland, for which he was hung. He, however, protested his innocence to the last, and gave a curious expatiation on his own powers and virtues, of which the following is a specimen:

"Among the different systems of killing game, I consider the dog and gun the most honorable, and it has always been my favorite. It must be admitted that I am possessed of agility and muscular energy beyond the generality of other men. My mental capacity stands high, especially as regards mathematical calculation. My principal characteristics are agreeableness, both in manner and temperament, and as a whole, though a little dignified, I am sympathizing and hospitable. As an athlete, my physical powers have been called into action against a few of no small importance, both in fistic and pedestrian exercises, in all of which I came off victorious. As a matter of fact, I could lift half a tun and carry it a distance of sixty yards. For days I could walk at the rate of five and a half miles an hour. I could also run a mile in four and a half minutes, etc. In the training of the canine breed I greatly excelled, my favorites being dogs bred between the staghound and the greyhound. I never failed in bringing these to a knowledge of their work, and could place confidence in their performing their duties with military precision. I strongly maintain my innocence. The satirical and reproachful representations given in the newspapers regarding me are but vague and groundless, and, if not huddled up through motives of selfishness, must be from the pure want of something to fill up space (I hope the latter)."

It is, it seems, a custom in Scotland for a clergyman to make an address and appeal to the criminal on the occasion of his being sentenced. The Rev. Mr. St. Clair, whose duty it was to address this man—Joseph Bell—wrote a letter urging him to confess the crime, and giving as an inducement the consideration that his confessing "would exalt you in the eyes of the Christian world far above Pritchard and Müller." The prospect held out by this Christian minister of his being high up on the calendar of martyred murderers did not prevail with Bell, though he was the most conceited man on record. He briefly replied to the suggestion: "Pritchard confessed to his crime because he was guilty of the," "I don't believe Mullar did confess," "I am going to be executed for a crime I know nothing about." His last words were: "I die an innocent man"—which were uttered in reply to a warning from the lord-provost against the consequences of dying with a lie in his throat. Whilst this man dies leaving everybody uncomfortably apprehensive that some other may turn up as the *bona fide* murderer of the van-driver, for whose death he has been executed, a woman whose crime must for ever stand out with that of Burke, who murdered people for dissection—Charlotte Windsor, who made it a profession to murder children who embarrassed parents in the absence of founding hospitals—has, on account of a red-tape delay of the law, had her sentence commuted to penal servitude for life. If the gallows had any reason to exist at all it was for such as Charlotte Windsor.

There are times when the human race seems rushing into a carnival of brutality. A lurking particle of superstition inclines the mind to reflect whether in some dreary ravine witches may not be stirring their caldron and sending out baleful spirits to their orgies. There have been this week six or eight terrible murders in England. There have been three executions. On Thursday a crowd of two hundred two-legged brutes met at Meopham to see Mace and Goss fight for the championship. These two men only pretended to fight, and presently shook hands and agreed to a draw. When the crowd found that it was cheated of its hope of seeing two men batter, cut, and bruise each other into quivering masses of raw red flesh, they howled and yelled like infuriated demons, and the occasion was eked out by several fights extemporized on the ground. It is comfortable to see such a crowd disappointed; to see the two leading prize-fighters the laugh of the city, jeered along the streets; and the prize-ring vanishing in cowardice and ridicule. But it is to be feared that the brutality which manifested itself at Meopham is appearing in other and more harmful directions. A writer in the *Star* attributes (no doubt justly) a great deal of the brutality which now prevails to the idle soldiers who swam

about the cities, and chiefly about London; and a great deal of their brutality to the examples of inhumanity continually set them by their military superiors. A shocking instance of this has just occurred. A youth of eighteen received fifty lashes, and has still to endure six months' hard labor, for merely making an insolent remark to an officer. So terrible was the torture of the youth that a dozen men—probably new-comers into the ranks—fainted at witnessing it. This kind of treatment makes men callous and cruel, and explains the zest with which they can hunt negroes in Jamaica like game. Law is a terrible teacher. Every man deliberately executed by the law teaches men that in killing one whom they believe to be vile they are but taking the law into their own hands. At Bellarati a man has just been hung—Jones by name—who to the last (I quote from the *Times*) "denied that the murder was a sin at all, and said that his victim was a person not fit to live." Let him be twelve men instead of one, and his crime becomes simply a judicial execution. It is a queer way, this curing murder with more murder—and will any one need to have the degree of its success estimated?

When one adds to all this the eager preparations which the nations of Europe are making to hurl millions of men—all of them slaves—against each other; and the ugly scenes of cruel slaughter and oppression in the southern states which you are sending us with each mail from America—one is led to discredit all the "theories of human progression." So far as human eye or ear can see or hear, society is the same old hard and remorseless monster, devouring the same number of its helpless children by the same number of insatiable mouths, as it has been hitherto. And the worst of it is that there seems to be nothing at all coming up to confront this brutality. Or, if there be anything, I confess that I for one can only see it in the efforts which a few public-souled women are making in America and England to bring a feminine element into government. That element which has made such a contrast between homes and nations—a contrast as between a garden with flowers and singing birds and a swamp with snarling brutes and rank poisons—may transform society and mitigate the unmitigated male ferocity. But everything else has been tried and has failed, and our only hope and resource is the political influence and equality of woman.

Until some such happier power shall prevail, one has to be thankful for the by-paths which a good Providence opens from the dusty, bloody highways of the world for weary souls; and just now there are two or three such in England which we are enjoying exquisitely. Chief of these is the Royal Academy, which is this year remarkable not so much for specially fine works from leading painters, but for a singularly large number of charming pictures. Millais, Hunt, and one or two other distinguished artists have no works on exhibition this year. Holman Hunt has married a wife and is enjoying his honeymoon and painting another great Oriental picture far away in Palestine. Why Millais has nothing I know not, but suspect he is lazy and has as much fame as he wants. But Leighton, Landseer, Faed, Hughes, and others have proved this year that English art will not suffer in their hands. I think I have observed some falling off among English artists' landscapes. There are very few this year, though some of them are good. Mr. Graham has given in "A Spate in the Highlands" a splendid show of angry torrents and clouds, and Cole a charming harvest-scene in "Summer's Golden Crown;" but Trantschold's "Scene in the Black Forest" shows that the Germans are studying landscapes more deeply. The streets of the cities, animals, and historic groups now absorb the best English artists. Leighton has this year the "Painter's Honeymoon," a soft, almost Italian work, in which an artist holds the hand of his bride, who leans on his shoulder watching his work. The same artist has, however, made a magnificent blunder. Having found a pretty woman, he has used her as a model for a dozen of the figures in a large picture called "Syracusan Brides leading Wild Beasts to the Temple of Diana." The poor woman is now black, now white, now draped, now naked, and it is too plain the artist was not up to varying her visage or shape sufficiently. He and other painters must live artistically within their means, and if they wish to make ambitious pictures must procure enough subjects. The mantle of Wilkie is evidently falling upon the Scotch artist Faed, who is dealing with feeling and force with subjects at his door. His "Wappenshaw" gives with tenderness and dramatic power the Scotch jollification and shooting match. Mr. F. Hole has told a familiar but always touching story very sweetly in a painting called the "Ordeal." A rich and showily-dressed picture-buyer and his wife are examining a work by a poor artist and his wife, who, poorly

clad, await the decision which means bread to them whilst it means display to the others. The rich gentleman is looking closely at the picture through his near-sighted glasses; his wife sits before it, but her eye has been caught by a little hastily-wrapped model who has been huddled behind the canvas. A picture which excites much attention and is very bewitching is one entitled "Miss Lily's Carriage Stops the Way"—a little girl gorgeously dressed—especially as to pink stockings—but very unconscious of her finery, is being hooded by her maid after a party, before entering her carriage to depart. It is by Hallyar. It is remarkable how little ability for sculpture there is in England. Even Gibson's work will not bear close scrutiny. In the sculpture-room this year there is nothing worth noting except some pieces by foreigners. The prominence here of that most characterless of sculptors—Baron Marochetti—who executes Thackeray, Cobden, and others, *a la Culcraft*, shows how low is the condition of sculpture here. The best piece is by the Frenchman D'Epinay, "Bacchante," in which all recognize a nude French actress. It is quite proper, however, as I think, for France is the "Bacchante" among nations actually as well as hereditary. English taste, or prudery, I may say, is somewhat scandalized by this, as also by a bust of a well-known French lady, who sat for M. D'Epinay, with French liberality, and is at the same time quite willing to have her name in the catalogue.

Besides the Royal Academy, we are now having the great international show of horticultural art, which is indescribably wonderful—even more than it is beautiful, which is saying much. How these culturists can take a "lady's slipper" or "jack-in-the-pulpit" and work it up, as Beethoven does a theme, into endless sublime variations—how they bring out meanings and tendencies which nature had veiled from ordinary observers—is a subject for volumes, not for a paragraph. But a good deal of it, and other things, has been so well told by some fair poet, that I send you the whole of her piquant verses, throwing on you, dear ROUND TABLE, the responsibility of a selection:

#### THE HORTICULTURAL CONGRESS.

Come, Isabel, come to the soiree  
Where Flora is placed in the chair;  
Should you miss it, I'm sure you'd be sorry,  
For all the *beau monde* will be there.

Only think that for four days together  
Rare people, plants equally rare,  
'Mid an odor of greenhouse and heather,  
Will gather *à plaisir et se plaisir*.

We shall witness the loves of the roses,  
How flirting goes on 'mong the flowers;  
While some sly little zephyr discloses  
Their courtship, its sweets and its ous.

How the moth carried unwritten letters  
'Tween Orchids so faithful and fond,  
And the bee bound a beau in the fetters  
Of some belle in the flower *demi-monde*.

We shall hear how Listera was married  
To Calanthe, the pride of her race;  
And how Pyramidalis was carried  
By passion from fault to disgrace.

We shall hear of the nectar'd *labellum*  
(Like our own lips, my dear Isabel),  
And who knows but a flower *cerebellum*  
May be the next wonder they tell?

Of *lache*, innuendo, and scandal,  
Of the wreck of some *très bel espoir*;  
How the tallow tree held out a candle  
To the gentleman *vêtu de noir*.

Nay, perhaps, the detectives of science  
May some conjugal trouble lay bare,  
Such as sets Sir James Wilde at defiance,  
And puts to the rout *savoir faire*.

Only think of a lily in trouble,  
Or a lonely half-opened blush-rose  
With a Queen's Counsel "working the double,"  
And harping on some *méchante chose*.

We shall hear of great progress in walking  
'Mongst plants once restricted to crawl;  
And perhaps soon a nebulous talking  
On the rapt ears of midnight may fall.

On my word I feel anxious in wearing  
A flower in my bosom to-day;  
For to-morrow its grief may be tearing  
Its own and my heart-strings away.

And the scissors' harsh snip may disorder  
Two lives sworn to brave love's worst test:  
For while one piece away in the border  
The other may die on my breast.

You have heard, dear, of course, of the wonders  
That science is bringing to light;  
How we groped in the stupidest blunders  
Till development set us to right.

How the oak had a lichen forefather  
And the nectarine grew from a sloe,  
And the shield of the rose has a bar there  
That shows its extraction was low.

Just the same as by innate expansion  
The mammoth proceeds from a mouse,  
Or the hovel grows into a mansion,  
And the palace last link of a house.

Come Isabel, child, are you ready?  
I'm getting impatient, I own;  
And so, just to keep my nerves steady,  
Please pass me the eau-de-cologne.

#### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The death of Father Prout—Francis Mahony—is the breaking of another link between the present and the past. He was the friend of Maginn, Jerrold, Leigh Hunt, Coleridge, and the "Fraserians," of the last generation. A convivial priest, a religious Bohemian, a scholar and a wag, was Mahony. Rome offered him a cardinal's hat if he would give less of his time to singing songs at supper—often translated by himself into the sacred Latin language—but old Adam conquered Pius IX., and Father Prout ended his days in Paris a good-hearted, happy Bohemian Jesuit. The "Reliques of Father Prout" were begun in "Fraser" in 1834, and have since their collection passed through two editions. Mr. Mahony held an official post in Malta nearly twenty years ago. After the revolutions of 1848 Mr. Dickens, who then conducted the *Daily News*, gave him the post of correspondent in Rome and his letters were much admired. Lately he has been the Paris correspondent of the *Globe*. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives the following portrait of him:

"Many of our readers must have remarked, passing in and out of the reading-room of Galignani's library of late years, a figure singular enough to attract a glance of curiosity even in Paris. The figure we mean is that of a little, elderly man with an intellectual head, and whose keen bluish eyes had a queer way of looking up sharply over the rims of his spectacles. His garb was ecclesiastical in its general character, but, above all, was the garb of one very little careful of appearances; for if his shirt happened to be white it seldom boasted buttons, and there were many days when both whiteness and buttons were wanting to it. The manner of this little figure, too, was as quaint and interesting as his appearance. If you knew him, he saluted you with some quaint, caustic bit of badinage, all the richer for a touch of brogue which had long ceased to be provincial and gave only a fine tinge of nationality that suited the speaker's humor. He would make some half-droll inquiry, tell some droll anecdote, not improbably garnished with a bit of classic parsley in the form of a quotation from Horace, and then, as likely as not, would dart off, sticking his hands in his coat pockets, without saluting either yourself or the companion whom you had introduced to him. In the afternoon our little man of the good head and the keen eyes was at his desk on a ground floor in the Rue des Moulins (not far from where the Jacobin Club used to meet) redacting the news and gossip of Paris that day into a letter, easy, pithy, sensible, with a dash of mockery and scholarship about it just enough to make it distinctive and unique. The letter over, he strolled out, holding a favorite white dog in a string, to dine in the Palais Royal and smoke a cigar at a café afterwards, and so wind up the day. There was in all he said and wrote and did meanwhile a certain impress of character, a certain *cachet d'originalité*, which set him apart from the common run even of clever men. And indeed Francis Mahony, commonly called Father Prout, was no common man either in genius or expression. Many elements met in him, as in a *mayonnaise*, to make a piquant mixture."

There were five candidates for the seat of the late M. Clapisson in the French Institute (section of music), which has just been filled up—M. Gounod, the composer of "Faust;" M. Félicien David, of "Herculeanum," "Lalla Rookh," etc.; M. Victor Massé, of "La Reine Topaze" and "Fior d'Aliza;" M. Aimé Maillart, of "Lara;" M. Elwart, of "Les Catalans." M. Gounod gained the vacant chair. The other members of the music section are, at present, MM. Auber, Carafa, Thomas, Reber, and Berlioz, with MM. Rossini, Mercadante, and Verdi as foreign associates.

A German professor (Maschka) has delivered a lecture on the recent attempt to assassinate Bismark, in which he proves that Bismark was saved by an iron coat of mail, and that young Blind's knife must have been poisoned or he could never have died of the wounds inflicted on himself.

The posthumous play of Sheridan Knowles—"Alexina; or, True unto Death"—now performed at the Strand Theater, has given rise to a controversy between the manager and the author's son—the latter saying that it was never meant to be regarded as a complete play. It will soon be brought before the only tribunal—the public—by being published.

The Queen is giving sittings for her portrait, to be presented to George Peabody; and the people are thinking of repaying his charity with a statue. A large oil portrait of him is on exhibition at a window in Bond Street. It would seem as if *real* charity, "hoping for nothing again," had become impossible to the modern world.

M. D. C.

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